

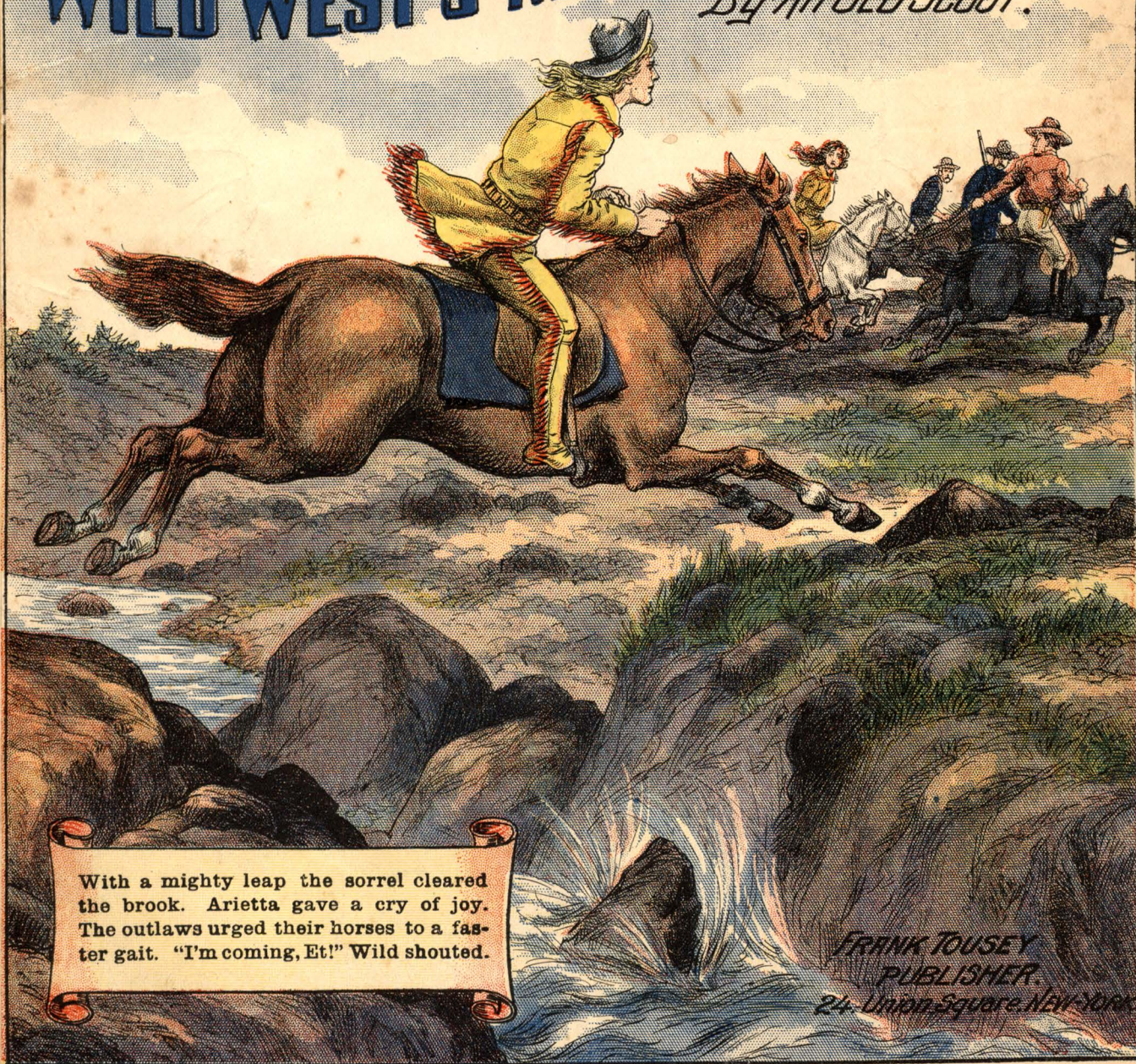
№ 383. FEB. 18<sup>th</sup>

1910. 5 Cents.

# WILD WEST WEEKLY.

YOUNG  
WILD WEST'S RECKLESS RIDE.

*By AN OLD SCOUT.*



With a mighty leap the sorrel cleared the brook. Arietta gave a cry of joy. The outlaws urged their horses to a faster gait. "I'm coming, Et!" Wild shouted.

FRANK TOUSEY  
PUBLISHER  
24 Union Square, New York



# WILD WEST WEEKLY

*A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, Etc., of Western Life*

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1910, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 383.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1910.

Price 5 Cents.

## Young Wild West's Reckless Ride

OR,

### Arietta's Hairbreadth Escape

By AN OLD SCOUT.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### YOUNG WILD WEST HELPING THE COWBOYS.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Cra-a-ck!

A volley of revolver shots sounded, breaking the stillness of the early morning.

A handsome, dashing-looking boy, who was attired in a buckskin hunting suit, and a young girl, who might well be called as "pretty as a picture," were walking stealthily through a ravine, and when the shots rang out they quickly halted and drew back under the overhanging rock.

"I reckon that spoils our chances of getting any game this morning, Et," the boy said, as he peered in the direction the shooting came from, but saw nothing, because there was a high ridge of rocks lying between.

"That's right, Wild," the girl answered. "I had no idea that there was anyone around here but us. I wonder what is going on, anyhow?"

Crack! Crang! crang!

"Ah!" exclaimed the boy, nodding his head in a cool and easy way. "The last two shots came from a rifle. I reckon there's a lively scrimmage going on, Et, and very close at hand. You wait here, and I will try and find out what is up."

"All right, Wild. I suppose Charlie and Jim will be coming here in a hurry, for they will think we have got into trouble."

"Yes, they won't be long in getting here, you can bet."

As he said this Young Wild West, for it was no other than the well-known boy hero, who held the title of Champion Deadshot of the West, started to climb to the top of the cliff.

Arietta Murdock, the boy's charming, golden-haired

sweetheart, remained close to the cliff, and watched him as he went upward with the agility of a squirrel.

Wild and Arietta had left the camp, which was less than a quarter of a mile from the spot, as soon as breakfast had been eaten, for the purpose of shooting something in the line of game.

They had struck the fresh tracks of a deer, and were following them when the shooting sounded near them.

While they were surprised to find that there was anyone so near them, neither were the least bit frightened.

Both had been born and reared in the West, and they were used to all its dangers.

Young Wild West liked danger, in fact. So much did he like it that he looked for it, and thus it was that we find him on one of his trips in search of adventure, fortune and fun in a very wild part of northwestern New Mexico.

The coolness and daring of the boy, who had made a name for himself, was unsurpassed, and the fact that he could handle a rifle and revolver with such accuracy as to win for him the title of Champion Deadshot of the West, was quite sufficient to make him one to be feared by evil-doers and loved by those who believed in honesty and right.

The boy was not long in climbing to a point from which he could look across the ravine, and while he was doing it the sounds of angry voices and more shots came to his ears.

What Young Wild West saw when he peered over a big boulder was a sort of duel taking place between four cowboys on one side, and half a dozen villainous looking men on the other.

The cowboys were crouching behind some rocks, and were armed only with revolvers, or "guns," as they were called by those who had use for them in that wild part of the country.



The men who opposed them not only had guns, but two of them were showing rifles.

From his position Wild could see both parties. The cowboys were on the same side of the ravine as he was, while the others were at the other side, at a distance of probably a couple of hundred feet.

They were hiding behind the rocks, too, and as the young deadshot cast a searching glance that way he saw a man lying on the ground motionless.

"I reckon one of them got his medicine," the boy muttered. "Well, it wouldn't be hard to guess which side to take in this fight, not if one went according to the looks of the men. It strikes me that the galoots over there are a bad lot. These fellows on this side seem to be pretty decent looking men. Well, I'll just wait here a minute or two, and then, if they get to going it again, I'll take a hand in the game."

Just then one of the men at the other side of the ravine thrust his rifle through a crack in the rock, and fired.

The bullet struck a big boulder behind which one of the cowboys was crouching.

A defiant shot was the result, and then another shot was fired.

This time the man with the rifle exposed his shoulder and arm, and one of the cowboys quickly took advantage of it and fired a shot with his revolver.

A howl of pain was the immediate result, and the muzzle of the rifle flew up in the air, and the man dropped to the ground.

Wild knew that he had been hit by the bullet, but that the wound was not very dangerous he could readily guess.

"Keep at it, you galoots," one of the cowboys shouted. "I reckon we kin stay here all day. We want Black Bill, an' we're goin' to git him if we have to shoot the whole bunch of you. He killed Bob Jones, ther ranchman, an' then lit out with all ther money he could find in ther house. We're after him, so yer might as well give him up. There will be more hurt afore ther day is over, an' then I reckon we'll git him an' ther rest of you, too."

"You'll never git me," came a voice from the 'other side, an' Young Wild West easily saw the man who spoke the words.

He was a man with a short black beard, and this no doubt gave him the nickname of Black Bill.

"So the cowboys are after a murderer, are they?" he thought. "Well, I reckon I'll help them catch him. I'll wait till Charlie and Jim show up, though. Then maybe we'll find a way to get behind the galoots and take them by surprise."

Some more words passed between the two parties, and then one of the villains fired a shot again.

Just why he did this our hero could not guess, since he was positive that no one showed himself to give him a chance.

The four men who were after the murderer were altogether too cautious, and they did not mean to get hit by a bullet if they could possibly prevent it.

"You too galoots go ahead and waste the lead," Wild muttered, as he gave a nod of satisfaction. "The cowboys seem to understand their business pretty well. So long as they act that way they'll stand a chance of winning out. But they could never get the villain without assistance,

though, for Black Bill and his gang could easily get away if they wanted to. I suppose they want to try and wipe the cowboys out, so there will be no chance of anyone else catching them very soon."

He waited for a minute or two longer, and then, finding that hostilities were at an end for the present, he started down to where he had left his sweetheart upon the ledge.

Half way down he caught sight of a man and boy coming that way in a cautious manner.

They were his partners, Cheyenne Charlie, the scout, and Jim Dart, who was a boy about his own age.

"Here they come," he exclaimed, under his breath. "I reckon I'll go on down and meet them and let them know what is going on. Then we'll all go back and get to the other side of the ravine. I have heard just enough to convince me that the quicker the half dozen fellows over there are caught the better it will be."

"Did you see them, Wild?" Arietta asked, as the young deadshot dropped down upon the ledge where she was standing.

"Yes, Et," was the reply. "There are four cowboys on this side of the ravine, while on the other side, probably a couple of hundred feet away, there are six scoundrels. I could easily tell they were scoundrels by looking at them, but when I heard one of the cowboys call out for a man named Black Bill to surrender, because he had killed and robbed a ranchman, that settled it. I knew then for sure. I reckon I'll take Charlie and Jim and get around behind them. Come on; we'll go on and meet them, for I saw them coming."

"All right, Wild," the girl answered, showing that she was as cool as though nothing out of the way had happened, or was likely to happen.

The two went along the ledge, and were soon making their way down to the bottom of the ravine.

Just as they reached it Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart arrived.

Cheyenne Charlie was a typical Westerner.

His long black hair and mustache, and tanned and weather-beaten face told plainly that he was a native of that region, and that he had been through all sorts of dangerous perils.

Jim Dart was just an ordinary looking boy of the West.

Both were attired in costumes similar to that worn by our dashing young hero, and they certainly looked to be quite able to cope with the dangers that were likely to threaten in that part of the country.

"What's ther trouble, Wild?" the scout asked, as he looked at the young deadshot inquiringly.

Wild quickly told him what was going on.

"So that's what's the matter, eh?" and Cheyenne Charlie gave a nod and shrugged his shoulders, while a grim smile played about his lips. "Cowboys after a murderer, are they? Well, I reckon we'd better give them a lift."

"That's right, Charlie. Come on. We'll get over to the other side of the ravine, and creep behind them. Et, you go on back to the camp. I reckon we won't need you."

The last was said to the girl, who promptly gave a nod and replied:



"All right; but be careful, Wild. Don't go to taking too much of a risk."

"I won't," and the young deadshot smiled at his sweetheart. "I reckon I know just about what to do. I located well the spot where the villains are hiding."

As the girl started back through the ravine Young Wild West led the way across it, and began clambering up the steep bank.

Cheyenne Charlie was right after him, and Jim Dart lost no time in following him.

Dart was a boy who never had much to say, though he always knew just about what to do when the critical moment arrived.

Fear was something he did not know, but he was not the one to lead.

Neither was Cheyenne Charlie, for that matter, though he was a man who had served years as a scout for the government troops, and had experienced all sorts of dangers and perils among bad Indians and lawless whites.

But Young Wild West seemed to have been born to lead, and his two partners were willing followers, no matter where he went.

The three were not long in reaching the top of the ascent, and then picking their way along among the rocks and bushes, they gradually neared the spot where the six outlaws, as they could well be called, were hiding behind the rocks.

The villains were about fifty feet below, and as our three friends reached a sharp turn among the rocks they saw their horses in a little hollow.

There were seven of them, but as Wild knew that one of the men had been killed, or else badly wounded, he readily understood that that number should be there.

They could not see the men themselves, but the young deadshot knew just about where they were, so without making any noise he led the way to where the horses were.

Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart were watching sharply, their revolvers ready for instant use.

The young deadshot had drawn one of his guns, too, and pausing near the seven horses, he pointed toward a clump of rocks, and said in a whisper:

"The galoots are right behind there, boys. They are lying behind a pile of rocks. Before we appear to them I reckon it would be a good idea to let the cowboys on the other side of the ravine know we are here. If they should happen to see us all of a sudden they might open fire on us, thinking we were with the outlaws."

"That's right, Wild," the scout quickly retorted. "But how are yer goin' ter let 'em see yer without the measly coyotes down there see yer, too?"

"I'll soon fix that. You just wait here with Jim."

The boy's quick eyes soon selected a spot for him to climb upward, and the next minute he was rapidly nearing the top of a jagged hill.

He took off his hat, and just as he came to the top of it, waved it back and forth.

Almost at the same time he caught sight of the crouching cowboys.

They appeared to be not a little surprised when they saw the boy waving the hat, but when he motioned to them that everything was all right and nodded his head

toward where the outlaws were lying in wait, they nodded and waved back at him.

"I reckon I'll soon settle that part of it, anyhow," Wild thought, as he started back to join his waiting partners. "Now, then, we'll go ahead and show Black Bill and his gang something they are not looking for. Come on, boys," he whispered, as he joined the two. "We'll steal up close to the galoots and take them by surprise. I reckon they'll hold up their hands all right when they find we have got them covered."

"If they don't they'll drop," was the scout's retort.

"Don't shoot unless you have to, Charlie," cautioned the boy. "I reckon the cowboys would rather take them alive, especially their leader, who is called Black Bill."

"All right. Jest as you say, Wild."

Without making the least sound, Young Wild West and his partners crept forward, and in less than a minute they were within twenty feet of the crouching villains.

Our hero paused long enough to satisfy himself that the man lying upon the ground was dead, and then he nodded to his partners and leaped over a rock.

Hearing the noise he made, the six men quickly turned.

"Hold up your hands, you sneaking coyotes!" the boy called out, in a commanding tone of voice.

When they saw that they were covered by the three, the villains showed signs of fear. Their faces paled, and up went the hands of all but one.

The exception was Black Bill.

He remained crouching close to a rock, his eyes flashing in a dangerous way.

"Up with your hands, Black Bill!" the boy cried, sharply. "If you don't I'll shoot you!"

The man uttered something that sounded like a growl of an angry bear, and made a move to raise his revolver. Crack!

Young Wild West fired with amazing quickness, and with a howl of pain the villain dropped the revolver.

The boy had not shot to do him any more harm than to graze the back of his hand with a bullet, and he had succeeded admirably.

"Up with your hands!"

As the command again rang out Black Bill obeyed.

"Line up together there, you sneaking coyotes. If any of you make a move to lower your hands we'll drop you in your tracks."

The villains lost no time in obeying, and in less than a minute they were standing in a line, their heads above the rocks they had been crouching behind, so the cowboys could see them plainly from their place of concealment.

Charlie and Jim stood with a revolver in each hand now, so there was no possible chance for the villains to succeed in doing anything, even if they attempted to put up a fight.

Seeing that his partners had them dead to rights, our hero clambered upon a rock and called out:

"Come on over. I reckon we have got the galoots you want."

"Good!" came the reply from the other side. "We'll git there as quick as we kin. Much obliged to you, young feller. We wanted Black Bill bad, I kin tell you."

As Young Wild West turned to step down the rock suddenly rolled over.



In order to keep from being hurled down the steep descent he made a leap and caught hold of a tree.

Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart involuntarily lowered their revolvers and started to aid him.

Then it was that Black Bill uttered a sharp cry to his men and made a leap from the spot.

Before the scout or Jim realized what was going on the villains were running for their horses.

"Look out, boys! They are getting away!" shouted Wild, as he clung to the tree.

His partners turned to run back when they saw the boy was in no immediate danger, but just then the six villains rounded a bend and disappeared from view.

Charlie and Jim quickly clambered back over the rocks, but they were too late.

Black Bill and his men were riding away.

## CHAPTER II.

### ON THE TRAIL OF BLACK BILL.

Young Wild West quickly swung himself to a safe footing.

The rock that had rolled from under his feet had reached the bottom of the ravine by this time, and the crashing sound it made echoed through the hollow.

But the boy knew very well that there was no one below to be injured, so he paid no attention to it.

He knew the villains were making their escape, and he wanted to stop them if he could.

It happened that the four cowboys had started immediately from where they had been concealed, or they might have been able to shoot at the six men as they hastened for their horses.

As it was, it turned out just right for the outlaws.

Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart were attracted to Wild on account of his mishap just long enough to permit them to make good their escape and reach the horses.

Our dashing young hero was not long in reaching his two partners.

"They've got away, Wild," said the scout, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head. "It's too bad. If that blamed rock had not happened to slip under your feet it wouldn't have happened. But I thought yer was sure goin' down below there an' git hurt. I jest couldn't help runnin' to try an' save yer."

"It was the same with me, Wild," spoke up Jim Dart. "I forgot all about the villains the moment I saw you in the act of falling."

"Well, never mind, boys," and the young deadshot shook his head. "They got away, but I reckon we'll help the cowboys catch them. It isn't likely they'll go very far, for I have an idea they're the sort of men who will look for revenge. The face of the villain they call Black Bill tells what he is quite plainly, I think."

"He's sartinly a mighty bad-lookin' galoot," the scout declared. "It's too bad we ain't got our horses here, or we could git after 'em. But they'll leave a trail, I think."

"Oh, yes. They can't help doing that," Jim Dart hastened to say.

Satisfied that it would be no use in trying to catch the villains, since they were mounted and no doubt riding swiftly away behind the rocks and trees, Wild led the way back to the spot where the mishap had occurred.

They were just in time to see the four cowboys starting to ascend the steep slope below them.

"It's too bad, boys," Young Wild West called out. "They got away from us."

"Is that so?" and the cowboys paused and looked surprised.

"Yes, that's right. It happened just because I had a little accident. The attention of my partners was called long enough to give them a chance to ride out, and they lost no time in doing it. They had their horses right close by, so before we could get to them they had mounted and were off. But we'll help you catch them, all right."

The cowboys came on up, and then it was not long before they understood the situation.

Our hero and his partners found them to be very nice fellows, indeed.

Their names were Lang, Gopher, Butler and O'Brien.

Lang was the recognized leader of the four, and he was not long in telling our friends how Black Bill had worked on the ranch with them, and had sneaked into the house the night before, when Bob Jones, the owner of the ranch, was there all alone, and had foully murdered him and robbed the house.

They did not learn that he had accomplished it until they overtook him at the ravine but a short time before.

They did not know the men who were with him, they declared, but they were satisfied that they were no better men than Black Bill himself.

"One of them got his medicine, anyhow," the man called Butler spoke up. "I winged him. He was jest goin' to take a third shot with his rifle when I dropped him. It was a mighty quick shot, too, an' I'm proud of it. I wished it had been Black Bill, though."

"We don't want to shoot him," spoke up Lang, looking at Butler and shaking his head. "Didn't you hear me say that my rope was goin' ter hang him. We're takin' ther law in our own hands this trip, yer know."

"Well, from what I saw of ther galoot, he's a pretty bad one," Wild declared, nodding to the cowboys. "I reckon you fellows had better go back and get your horses. You will have to ride probably a quarter of a mile before you can get into the ravine, I think. Then you can take up the trail. We'll follow you as soon as we get back to our camp and get ready. We have three girls and a couple of Chinamen waiting for us at the camp."

"Is that so?" Lang asked, as he took a good look at the boy. "You must be Young Wild West, I reckon."

"That's just who I am."

"Well, I was wondering if you wasn't him when I first seen yer. But when you said you had gals with you I felt sartin that you was. I heard somethin' about you a few months ago, how yer went ridin' around ther country tryin' to do good things for honest people. Them what told me about you said you generally had three gals with yer an' two Chinamen. It seems rather risky to take gals around with you, though, don't it?"

"Well, I suppose you might call it risky," Wild answered, with a smile. "But so long as the girls know how



to take care of themselves, and like that sort of life, I suppose it is all right. But I may as well introduce you to my partners. This is Cheyenne Charlie, and that is Jim Dart standing over there. They are both as good as they look, which is saying a whole lot."

"Look here, Wild," spoke up the scout, shaking his head and grinning. "I reckon yer don't want to chuck no bouquets this way. I never was called a handsome man, yer know. Jim is a mighty good-lookin' boy, of course. But I'm tanned so much that sometimes when I look in a glass I think I look like a greaser."

"That's all right, Charlie. You're a mighty good-looking man, and I am not joking about it, either. Anna thinks you are the handsomest man she ever saw."

"Well, Anna is my wife, an' probably she can't see like others kin."

There was a laugh all around, for the cowboys took in the situation and enjoyed it.

Satisfied that they would not lose much by delaying a few minutes, they all went down into the ravine, not hurrying much.

Young Wild West and his partners walked along in the direction of their camp, while the cowboys started to climb back to the spot where they had left their horses.

As our three friends came in sight of the camp they found Arietta and the rest anxiously awaiting them.

Young Wild West's sweetheart ran forward and said: "They got away from you, eh?"

"Yes," was the reply. "We had them dead to rights, but something had to happen to me, and the result was that they took advantage of it and lit out. But come! I reckon we'll get ready to move right away."

The other girls of the party—for they always called them girls—were Anna, the wife of the scout, and Eloise Gardner, Jim Dart's sweetheart.

The two Chinamen referred to were brothers, typical of their race in general appearance, and were named Hop Wah and Wing Wah.

The latter was the cook for the party, while the former was what our friends called the "handy man."

He was a remarkable character, as will be seen later on.

"Hurry up and get the pack-horses loaded, Hop and Wing," Wild called out, sharply.

"Allee light," came the reply, as if in one voice.

Then the two got at work and showed how fast they could take down the two tents and convert them into packs, along with the rest of their outfit and stock of provisions.

The pack-horses were soon loaded, for Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart lent a hand, while Wild saddled the girls' horses for them.

By the time they were ready to mount the cowboys came riding down the ravine.

"Hello," called out their leader, as he doffed his hat when he saw the girls. "I reckon we ain't goin' ter git ahead of yer, after all, Young Wild West."

"Well, it seems that way," was the reply. "It didn't take us long to get ready to move, you know. We have two pretty smart Chinamen, and when they start in to work they go right ahead."

"Smart Chinamen, eh?" and Long grinned as he looked

at the pair. "Well, I ain't never seen a whole lot of heathen, but I'm blamed if I ever saw any what could be called smart."

"Well, you see that one," and Wild pointed to Hop Wah. "He's more than smart. He is known as our Clever Chineese. Maybe he will show you just how smart he is after a while. But just now we have not the time to let him go ahead. We want to get after the six ruffians. We always delight in running down a gang of villains of the sort you are after. It has got to be a sort of second nature with us, I reckon."

"Well, we're mighty glad to have your help. It's too bad that you didn't git 'em when you had 'em dead to rights. But accidents will happen. It's a wonder Black Bill didn't try to git a shot at you when he was runnin' away."

"I reckon ther galoot didn't think about doin' that," Cheyenne Charlie spoke up. "He took ther lead when they made a run for it. If there hadn't been so many rocks there they could not have got to their horses. They got out of our sight so quick that when we turned around they was gone. But it's all right. I ain't worryin' a bit about it. If we don't strike 'em to-day we'll do it to-morrow, or some other time. They can't help very well leavin' a trail."

"That's right."

The cowboys were going to ride on through the ravine and try to get up to the higher ground where they had come down, but Young Wild West quickly advised them not to do so.

"We had better go on out," he said, "and then we'll stand a better show. We'll save time by it, too. We can ride over in that direction and pick up the trail, I reckon."

"That's right," and the cowboy leader nodded. "I didn't think about that. I reckon it would be a pretty hard job to get our horses up there by going this way."

Two minutes later they were all riding through the ravine, the two Chinamen bringing up the rear and leading the pack-horses.

They did not have to go more than half a mile before they struck the wagon trail.

"That's ther trail to King Pin Holler, a place about twenty-five miles from here, where the cattle raisers make a sort of headquarters sometimes," explained Lang, as he gave a nod. "It ain't much of a place, but you kin buy most anything you want there at ther big store. There's a whisky-mill there, too, an' that place does a mighty big business about three or four days out of every month. Ther boys from ther different ranches generally rides there when pay-day comes around, an' ther most of them leaves their wages there."

"I see," and Young Wild West gave a nod. "That seems to be a habit among the cowboys, don't it?"

"Well, more than half of 'em seems to be that way. They're willin' to spend a month's wages in two or three days, an' then go back to work till pay-day rolls around agin."

As they started along the trail our hero noticed that there were no fresh hoof-prints or wagon ruts, which showed that it had not been traveled within the last two or three days.



It occurred to him that it would be a good idea to keep right along the trail for a mile or two, as he had an idea that Black Bill and his gang would make for it.

Anyhow, it ran in almost the same direction the villains had taken when they fled.

He told the cowboys what he thought about it, and they promptly agreed with him.

"I reckon you know what you're doin', anyhow," said the man named O'Brien. "I've heard a whole lot about you. I never heard of yer makin' a mistake yet."

"Well, I don't know about that," and Wild laughed. "I've made quite a few mistakes, but somehow I generally manage to rectify them before it is too late. If I don't do it myself my partners or my sweetheart, or our Clever Chinaman happens along to do it. We work pretty well together, you know."

"So ther gal takes a hand in ther game, too, does she?"

The four cowboys looked at Arietta, who blushed before their admiring glances.

But none of them meant any harm by looking admiringly at her, for they were of the chivalric type, and their glances meant nothing more than respectful admiration.

"Oh, yes," Wild answered. "Arietta can shoot about as quick and straight as anyone you ever saw. She always keeps cool, too, and that amounts to a whole lot."

"I reckon she must take after you, then, Young Wild West," said Lang.

"He has been my teacher," spoke up Arietta, bound to give the dashing young deadshot the credit due, if she was to be made out a heroine.

Just then they reached the top of a slight elevation, and nearly two miles away they caught sight of the six villains just as they were disappearing over the crest of a hill, over which the trail ran.

"There they go!" exclaimed Cheyenne Charlie. "They are followin' ther trail, all right. I reckon it won't be so very long afore we git 'em. Whoopee, whoopee! Wow, wow!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE OUTLAWS WAIT IN AMBUSH.

It will be in order for us to turn our attention to the six men the cowboys were fighting when Young Wild West saw them when he climbed up from the ravine, after the shots were fired.

Black Bill was certainly a bad man, and when he found that he had been caught by our hero and his partners he gave in, but did not give up entirely.

As has been described, he accepted the first chance that offered, and the result was that he made good his escape.

His five friends got away, too, and when they had mounted their horses they rode hard.

Not until they reached the trail that led to King Pin Hollow did they slacken their pace, and then the villain who was wanted by the cowboys looked behind him and exultantly exclaimed:

"Well, boys, that was what I call a narrer escape. We wasn't expectin' ter be attacked from ther rear, an' fer a

little while it looked as though it was all up with us. But I'm one of ther kind what never gives up. I jest made up my mind that there was a chance, an' there was! Here we are, as good as ever, only poor Andrew Cack had ter be shot by one of ther galoots from ther ranch. If it wasn't fer that I'd feel that we'd won a great victory."

"Well, it can't be helped, Bill," answered one of the ruffians, shaking his head. "Ther rest of us is alive, an' what we want ter do now is ter try an' stay that way. You killed Bob Jones, expectin' yer was goin' ter make a big haul by it. But it didn't pan out ther way yer thought it would. There wasn't ther money in ther house that there was s'posed ter be, so it didn't hardly pay yer fer ther job. But we've got ter make ther best of it, an' I, fer one, is goin' ter stick ter yer. We're real outlaws now, an' I s'pose we've got ter act as sich."

"That's right, Fisher; you've got ther idea all right. You're goin' ter stick ter me, an' so is ther rest. I know that without askin' 'em."

"Bet your life on that, Black Bill!" exclaimed another of the villains, while the rest quickly nodded their heads in the affirmative.

Black Bill was much pleased at the way they acted.

"I don't know who them three galoots was," he observed, thoughtfully, as he led the way along the trail at a canter. "Two of 'em was only boys, but one of 'em acted as though he was a dozen men, all in one. Jingo! but he was a mighty cool hand, wasn't he?"

"He sartinly was," Fisher answered. "When he shot your gun out of your hand I thought it was all up with you. I never seen sich a quick shot afore in my life. It seemed that ther gun fairly jumped from ther holster an' p'inted itself at yer, Bill!"

"I know," and the villainous leader of the bunch nodded. It was sartinly mighty quick work. There's no tellin' what that boy could do if he was ter try. I knowed that; but I kept figurin' on a way ter beat him, an' I done it. When I find I ain't got no show ter fight I always does something else. There's nothin' like havin' your wits about yer, boys."

"I reckon that's right," nodded Fisher, while the rest hastened to join in with him.

"It's too bad that I didn't git a lot more money than I did, fer we've got ter fight out, anyhow," resumed Black Bill, as they rode along the trail at a trot. "But, boys, I reckon we'd better git square with them galoots fer killin' our pard afore we go very far. I want ter git hold of that boy, too! I'd jest like ter have him a prisoner fer a while, blamed if I wouldn't! He's jest ther kind of a galoot I'd like ter put ter torture. Anyone as is as smart an' cool as he is hadn't ought to die an easy death. I'd like ter know who he is, 'cause ther more I think about it ther more it strikes me that he's somethin' greater than ther general run. An' he's only a boy, too!"

"Well," said one of the villains, whose name was Layer—Red Layer they called him, because his head was red; "I've sorter been thinkin', an' I reckon now I know who he is."

"Well, who is ther boy?"

As Black Bill asked the question all eyes were turned upon Red Layer.

"Young Wild West."



"Jiminy!" exclaimed Fisher. "I never thought of that afore. That's jest who he is, I'll bet!"

"Who's Young Wild West?" asked Black Bill, looking at them sharply. "I can't say as I ever heard of anyone with sich a name as that afore."

"Well, I've heard tell that Young Wild West was a boy who goes all over ther country, doin' wonderful things as he goes," Fisher answered, shaking his head and looking very serious. "He's a deadshot, an' is ther luckiest feller what ever lived, they do say. Always lookin' fer trouble, too, with them he don't think is honest. Yes, I've heard tell of Young Wild West, but I never took much stock in what I heard till jest now, when Red spoke. You kin bet that ther boy is Young Wild West."

"An' ther man an' boy what was with him is his two pards," added Layer, nodding decisively. "There ain't no mistake about it, boys. We're up agin a putty tough proposition when we tackles Young Wild West an' his pards. They has ther name of bein' able ter lick any dozen galoots they comes across. I don't know why it was I didn't think about that when they surprised us a little while ago. But I s'pose it was because I had an idea that Young Wild West was much older than that. They call men boys, yer know. But he's a boy, sure enough. I don't believe he's old enough ter vote yet."

"Well, if he ain't he never will be, unless his birthday comes to-day," Black Bill declared, with an ugly frown. "I don't care if he is Young Wild West, or Old Wild West! He ain't goin' ter live another twenty-four hours!"

"That's ther way ter talk, Bill!"

The villains heartily agreed with what their leader said.

On they rode for perhaps a couple of miles, and then Black Bill suddenly brought his horse to a halt.

"I reckon we may as well stop here fer a while, boys," he said, as he turned and looked back over the trail. "It may be that there'll be sich a thing as someone comin' along lookin' fer us afore long. Most likely Young Wild West an' his pards will agree ter help ther cowboys catch us. They sartinly will, I think, after they hear all about what happened at ther ranch. That means that we'll have a chance ter put a stop to ther business. We want ter git away, we do, an' as long as we know there's someone after us we can't feel exactly safe. We've got ter find a way ter clean up every man an' boy what comes after us. But I want ter git Young Wild West alive, if I kin. That boy ain't ter die no easy death, yer know."

"Right yer are, Bill," answered Fisher. "What he done ter yer is enough ter make yer feel that way. We'll try an' git him alive. I know what yer want ter do. Yer want ter lay here for 'em, an' when they come along, give 'em a surprise. I reckon that'll be putty easy, 'cause we couldn't have a better place fer it if it was made ter order."

"This is ther place, an' no mistake."

It certainly was just the right sort of place for an ambush.

The trail ran along between a mass of high rocks from the cracks of which stunted cedars and bushes grew.

It looked as though the engineering of man had cut the way through, so even and regular was it; but really it was simply one of the freaks of nature to be found in the mountains.

On either side, at the foot of the steep declivities, were innumerable rocks and boulders, and it would be easy for the villains to wait behind these for the coming of their pursuers.

It was not the first time the villains had been that way, for they had worked at different ranches in that section during the past few months.

Black Bill had been employed by the ranchman he had so cruelly murdered in order to get the big pile of money he thought was in the house at the time, and the villains with him now had watched and waited outside, so they might be able to help him in case he got in trouble through it.

The amount stolen certainly did not pay for the risk they had taken, and now they were outlaws—being hunted for, at that!

The place Black Bill pointed out was at the left of the trail, and as he dismounted and led his horse among the rocks his companions followed suit.

"There's one thing we ought ter make sure of," said Fisher, shaking his head in a thoughtful way; "it might be that we don't do exactly what we intend ter; an' in that case we ought ter have a good chance ter git away from here. We mustn't forgit that, boys."

"Don't yer think we'll make a miss of it," spoke up one of the others. "That's somethin' we can't do very handy. When they come along all we've got ter do is ter open fire on 'em. All but Young Wild West must go down at ther first fire. Bill wants ter git him alive, yer know."

"That's right," Black Bill answered. "I reckon he'll lose his wonderful nerve when he sees his pards an' ther cowboys droppin' around him. He ain't nothin' more'n human, anyhow, an' he'll be jest as easy ter git as anyone would be. I reckon I know a thing or two. I've seen a lot in my time, an' I tell yer when a feller sees his friends dyin' right by him he ain't goin' ter do nothin' right away. It takes ther sand out of him fer ther time."

"I s'pose it does," admitted Fisher. "But there ain't nothin' like being prepared fer somethin' yer ain't exactly expectin'."

"That's all right. But I reckon no one could git us if we was ter lay low an' shoot from behind these rocks. That would be impossible. They couldn't do it, if they all come at once."

Fisher shrugged his shoulders, and said no more.

It was evident that he did not think it was going to be such an easy thing.

After putting their horses where they would be safe the villains proceeded to get themselves ready for the ambush.

They were not long in picking out places, and then, with a nod of satisfaction, Black Bill said:

"Now, then, I reckon I'll climb up a little ways an' take a look along ther trail. If we kin see 'em comin' it will be all ther better fer us."

All agreed with him on this, so the leader of the outlaw gang looked about for a way to get to the high ground.

He was not long in finding it, and then he quickly clambered upward.

Much to his satisfaction when he got there, he caught sight of a party of horsemen approaching.



But when he got a good look at them his eyes opened wide.

"There were three females in the party.

Black Bill easily picked out the four cowboys, who had pursued him from the scene of the murder, and he also recognized Young Wild West and his partners.

But the girls and the two Chinese servants he had not seen before, and he was surprised in consequence.

The party was less than a mile away, and it looked as though they meant to ride right on through the cut, and fall easy victims to those waiting for them.

The exultant gleam that followed the look of surprise in the villain's eyes quickly died away, and then he shook his head.

"There's wimmen-folks there, an' most likely they're young," he muttered. "We don't want ter kill them, not by a jugful! Wimmen-folks is altogether too scarce around these diggin's fer that. We've got ter make different arrangements, I guess. I'll call Fisher up here, an' see what he says."

Then, forgetful of the fact that he might be seen by the approaching party, Black Bill waved his hand to those below, and called out:

"Come up here, Fisher! I want yer. Hurry up!"

The man called to lost no time in climbing up, while the rest waited and wondered what was up.

"Take a look up ther trail, Fisher," said the villainous leader.

His companion did so.

"Gals, I reckon, Bill!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, ther cowboys is comin' with Young Wild West and his pards, an' there's three gals with 'em. Fisher, we can't fire inter ther gang any kind of fashion now. We don't want ter hurt them gals."

"I should say not," was the reply.

"Then the best thing we kin do is ter shoot Young Wild West, an' not try ter take him alive. We'll shoot him an' his pards first of all. Then we'll soon put ther cowboys on ther run. I reckon we kin do this without hittin' ther gals. We must, anyhow."

"All right," Fisher answered. "You kin count on me ter drop one of 'em."

"All right. Come on down. They'll be here in less than three minutes, though they ain't comin' so awful fast. We'll be ready fer 'em when they come, I reckon."

Down went the two, and then the outlaws waited and watched for our friends to come along.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE AMBUSH FAILS.

"Now, then, we want to keep a watch on the galoots," said Young Wild West as Cheyenne Charlie broke into a shout at the sight of the six villains. "We don't want to let them see us coming if we can help it, for then they might lie in wait for us and give us a surprise."

"That's right, Wild," Cheyenne Charlie answered. "They ain't ridin' so very fast now, so maybe it would be

a good idea for you to go on ahead an' sorter see what they're up ter."

Our hero thought this a good suggestion, so waiting until the villains were entirely out of sight he started forward at a rapid pace and soon left his companions behind.

The boy kept on riding until he knew he must be pretty close to the outlaws, and then he slackened the pace of his horse somewhat.

A few minutes later he decided to dismount and climb a tree at the side of the trail, so he might have a look ahead.

He was not long in doing this, and as he reached the top of the tree he found he had a good view for miles ahead, even though it wound this way and that and up hill and down.

It happened that the boy just got there in time to see Black Bill and his men as they came to a halt preparatory to lying in ambush.

It did not take the boy a minute to realize what they were up to.

"They have either seen us coming, or they think we will surely follow them," he muttered, as he started to descend the tree. "Well, I know just exactly where they are, so I reckon they won't do any ambushing right away. They're a mighty bad lot, and no mistake. The villain called Black Bill is certainly a desperate fellow, who will take all sorts of chances. I reckon he must be taken alive. He is a murderer, and that means that the quicker he is captured the better it will be."

Though the villains were nearly a mile ahead of the boy at the time he saw them making their arrangements for the ambush, he could see them plainly, since the air was so clear that even their faces could be discerned.

Mounting his horse the young deadshot rode back and met the rest of the party.

"Did yer see 'em?" the scout asked.

"Yes, Charlie," was the reply. "They are waiting among the rocks in a narrow cut the trail runs through. I suppose they mean to let us have a shower of lead if we come through. But we won't go through, not until they are fixed so they won't do any harm, I reckon."

"Goin' ter ambush us, are they?" spoke up Lang, shrugging his shoulders. "Well, that galoot of a Black Bill is sartinly a bad one. He's mighty sharp, too, an' I reckon he won't stop at nothin' to git rid of us. He knows he don't stand much show to keep away so long as we're on his track."

"Well, that's all right," our hero answered, in his cool and easy way. "I reckon they won't pop any of us over from behind the rocks. We won't go through to give them the chance. Probably we will find a way to get to them, and then we will surprise them from behind, as we did this morning. But I reckon we will ride along far enough to let them see us. Then they'll have their attention upon the trail all the time, and will not be thinking of what might be going on above and behind them."

All hands now rode forward along the trail, and it was not long before the sharp eyes of Young Wild West caught sight of a man upon the top of a high point of rock.

Few would have noticed him, but the dashing young



deadshot was on the watch for something of the kind, and hence it was not strange that he saw him.

He called the attention of the rest to the man, but cautioned them not to act as though they saw anything out of the way, and to keep on riding at the easy pace they were following at the time.

When the man, who was no other than Black Bill, as the reader might guess, arose and waved his hand to those below him, they all saw him plainly.

"I reckon that's Black Bill," said Lang, the leader of the cowboys. "He's up there watchin' for us. I wonder if ther fool thinks we can't see him."

"Well, don't let on that you do see him," said Jim Dart, who was riding near the speaker at the time. "There he goes down. Now, then, I suppose they're ready for us."

While Young Wild West heard what was said, he made no comment.

He was looking for a place at the left of the trail where they might turn off and make their way around, so they might surprise the outlaws from behind.

When they were probably within an eighth of a mile of the spot where the villains were waiting, the boy found just what he wanted.

It was not exactly a trail that his eyes rested upon, but what might have been a deer path.

Anyhow, it looked as though they could follow it on horseback, and that was all that would be required.

"Come on," he said, in a low tone of voice. "Here's the way we'll go. I reckon if the sneaking galoots wait for us to come along the trail they'll wait a good while."

The boy rode on ahead, and after him came the rest in single file.

Up a short ascent they went through some scraggy oaks and underbrush, and then down into a gully.

Next they went upward again, where there were less bushes and trees.

From there they continued upward, gradually nearing the spot where they had seen the man watching for them.

When our hero thought they were close enough he called a halt.

"Everybody keep perfectly still," he said. "I am going to go ahead and have a look down into the cut. I want to see just where the villains are."

Of course, all were ready to do just as the boy said, so Wild quickly dismounted and started ahead.

Pushing his way through the bushes without making a particle of noise, Wild continued on, and gradually reached the spot where they had seen the man watching for them.

When our hero thought they were close enough he called a halt.

"Everybody keep perfectly still," he said. "I am going to go ahead and have a look down into the cut. I want to see where the villains are."

Of course, all were ready to do just as the boy said, so Wild quickly dismounted and started ahead.

Pushing his way through the bushes without making a particle of noise, Wild continued on, and gradually reached the point he was heading for.

The rest sat in the saddle watching him.

No one seemed to be much worried about the outcome,

since they knew Wild was not running into anything like danger.

He was simply going to spy on the villains who were waiting to slay them from ambush.

Meanwhile our hero soon reached the top of the high bank of rock.

He crept to the edge and cautiously peered over.

Then it was that a smile showed on his handsome face.

There were the villains probably thirty feet below him, lying behind the rocks and waiting in rigid silence.

At first the boy felt like calling out to them to surrender, but he quickly thought it over, and decided that he would call his companions.

Stepping back a short distance from the edge of the bank, he arose and waved for them to come on up.

This they at once started to do, Wild going back to the edge of the bank, so he might watch the villains.

They all rode up to within a hundred feet of the boy, and then dismounted.

Charlie, Jim, and the cowboys promptly stepped forward, revolvers in hand.

As they neared our hero he turned and motioned for them to be careful and not make any noise.

Then they all crept up and looked over the bank.

Though they knew the six men below them were desperate scoundrels, the sight could not help making them smile.

The nerves of the scoundrels were no doubt at the highest tension just then, for it was high time that the party they were waiting for should appear.

"They sartinly mean us, Wild," whispered Cheyenne Charlie, as he got close to our hero's side. "Do yer know what I think?"

"Never mind what you think, Charlie," the boy answered. "I know what you are going to say. If you had your way about it you would open fire on them and put an end to it in a jiffy. But that is not the way I do things, as you know. Even though one of them is a murderer, and the rest are as bad, no doubt, I wouldn't shoot at them from behind. This is not my way. I know they are expecting to get a shot at us at any moment, and that they would not hesitate to kill us all, with the probable exception of the girls. But just the same, they must not be shot at when they are not expecting it."

Having expressed himself to the scout, the boy drew back a little and crept along softly to the rest, and told them not to shoot, unless he gave the word.

Then the boy made his way back to the spot where he could best be seen by those below, and in a voice that rang out sharply, exclaimed:

"Hello, Black Bill!"

As the words sounded the villains leaped to their feet and turned their gaze upward.

It was so unexpected to them that they knew not what to do.

Even Black Bill himself stood there as if transfixed.

Wild's partners and the cowboys were leaning over the top of the bank, their revolvers turned directly toward the villains, so there seemed to be no possible chance of an escape.

"Quite a nice little job you were putting up, Black Bill," went on our hero, speaking as coolly as though it



was all a joke. "You certainly meant to give it to us good and hard, I reckon. But I reckon you will find out that we are not to be caught napping any kind of fashion. Just hold up your hands now. You got away from us this morning, but I reckon you'll have a hard job doing it now. I want to take you all alive, if I can, but if I can't I will have you dead, that's all. Hold up your hands!"

The last was said in a commanding way, and up went the hands of all but the leader.

He had no doubt fully recovered from his surprise, and instead of obeying the command, he dropped suddenly to the ground and rolled himself behind a boulder.

It was a clever move, as our hero was ready to admit.

However, he could have shot him before he got out of sight if he had so desired.

But he felt that it would only take a little more time to gather in Black Bill along with the rest.

"The first galoot who tries to follow the example of Black Bill will die before he does the job," Wild called out sharply. "Boys, you can shoot the instant you see one of them try it."

Crack!

The sharp report of a revolver rang out, and a bullet whizzed past the head of our hero.

It was Black Bill who had fired from behind the boulder, of course.

This put a new phase on the situation.

From his place of concealment the leader of the outlaws could annoy them considerably, even though he was not able to hit any of them.

Wild realized this right away, and he was forced to get back a little, so he would be out of danger.

Crack!

Another shot rang out, and Cheyenne Charlie's hat flew from his head.

"Great gimlets!" exclaimed the scout, as he dodged back; "if we had only done what I wanted to do we would have had 'em dead to rights. Now it's about an even thing, I reckon. That galoot kin keep us from gitting the rest."

Charlie was right, but Wild, though he knew it, said nothing.

Black Bill had proved to be sharper than he had given him credit for. It seemed that he had a way of acting quickly, and did the right thing at the right time, even if he was a very bad man.

The cowboys were rendered desperate at the way things were turning, and as one of them took the risk of leaning over to get a look at the scoundrels below, Black Bill fired again.

Then the cowboy uttered a sharp cry of pain, for the bullet clipped off a small portion of his ear.

Of course, the companions of Black Bill were ready to take advantage of the least thing that was in their favor, and when the third shot had been fired by their leader they made a break and scrambled behind the rocks.

When this had happened the situation was much the same as it had been when Young Wild West came upon the scene in the ravine that morning.

Our hero was not a little angered at the way things had turned out.

He had certainly thought he had the villains dead to

rights, but the sudden action of Black Bill had spoiled the whole thing.

"Charlie," said he, turning to the scout, "I reckon there is going to be a sort of siege of this. The best thing we can do is to pitch our camp right there in that little grove. One thing is certain, the galoots won't dare to leave the spot very soon. I reckon we can wait just as long as they can, since we can take it easy while we are doing it, and they will have to remain behind the rocks there all the time, or else run the chances of being shot. Of course, there is only one way to do it now, and that is to shoot them whenever we see them. You just go and tell the Chinamen to unload the pack-horses. They need not bother about putting up the tents, for I reckon we won't be here more than two or three hours, at the most. I have started in to catch Black Bill, and I am going to do it now, if it takes all day."

"All right, Wild," the scout answered, and then he arose and walked over to where the two Chinamen and the girls were waiting.

He soon told them what to do, and the result was that the pack-horses were relieved of their loads, while the girls assisted in putting the camp in shape.

Wild could see the horses belonging to the scoundrels, but they were partly hidden from view behind some rocks.

He knew the outlaws might be able to get them without showing themselves, but if they did they could not ride very far before they would be in full view, and then they could shoot them down easily.

He appointed Jim Dart and two of the cowboys to keep a sharp watch, telling them not to hesitate to shoot should they see the villains trying to get away.

Then he walked leisurely to the camp.

"Hop," he said, calling to the clever Chinaman, "I reckon you can help us out of this, if you care to."

"Me helpee outee velly muchee quickee, Mislér Wild," Hop retorted, showing his eagerness by smiling and bowing.

"Well, you have always got home-made firecrackers and fireworks with you. I reckon if nothing turns up in our favor in fifteen minutes you can surprise the galoots by throwing something down there that will explode."

"Allee light, Mislér Wild. Me gettee leady velly much quickee."

"Well, go ahead and get ready. But I guess I won't want you to do it inside of ten minutes. The longer they have to stay there the more nervous they will get, you know."

The boy then went back and told his partners, and the cowboys what he had done.

"I reckon Hop will start 'em out, all right!" exclaimed Cheyenne Charlie, with a grin.

"What kin ther heathen do, anyhow?" Lang asked, as he looked over to where Hop was moving about the camp.

"Oh, he kin do more things than most galoots kin, I reckon," the scout retorted. "You oughter see him play draw poker. He kin beat ther man what made ther cards. He kin cheat ther eyes right out of the head of a card sharp, an' he never gits catched, either."

"Is that so?" the cowboys asked, looking very much interested.

"Yes, there ain't no mistake about it. You jest wait



till this thing is over with, an' maybe Hop will show yer somethin' that will make your eyes open."

"I reckon I'll take a walk over and have a talk with him," Lang observed, as he turned and proceeded to do so.

Hop saw him coming, and guessing that he was interested in him, for he knew that Wild must have told what he proposed to do, he looked up and smiled blandly.

"Velly nicee day, so be," he observed, just as though he had not seen the man before."

"Yes, I reckon it is a nice day," Lang retorted, grinning. "If it wasn't that we had some trouble with them galoots down under ther cliff I'd call everything lovely. But I hear you're goin' ter set off some firecrackers or somethin' like that. Cheyenne Charlie tells me you're a mighty clever Chineee. He says yer kin play poker better than ther man what made ther cards."

"Lat allee light," the Chinaman replied, shaking his head. "Misler Charlie tellee you most anytling. Me play dlaw pokee, so be; but me no velly muchee smartee at um gamee. Me beatee Misler Charlie, but lat not say muchee. He no undelstandee um gamee."

Lang grinned some more. He rather liked the way the Chinaman talked.

The fact was that Hop had remained very still that morning, so the cowboys had not been able to get much acquainted with him.

But now he was ready to show what he could do.

"Me go to light um biggee fire clacker, and len thlow allee samee down to um outlaws, so um fire clacker go bang! and len um outlaws allee samee lun. Len Misler Charlie allee samee shootee."

"I see," and Lang gave a nod, while a smile illumined his countenance. "Let me see ther fire cracker you're goin' ter use, will yer?"

Hop quickly showed him the roughly made cracker, and when Lang looked at it he shook his head.

"I wouldn't know what that was, Hop," he declared. "I reckon that wouldn't amount to much."

"Lat allee light," and so saying Hop calmly lighted a cigar.

He took the explosive back and dropped it in his pocket. Then he produced a piece of candle from somewhere and handed it to the cowboy, saying:

"You holdee lis, so be. You lightee, so when we allee samee gittee leady me takee and lightee um fireclacker."

"Sartin," was the reply, and the cowboy quickly struck a match and lighted the candle.

The moment the flame touched the wick there was a sharp hiss, followed by a quick report, and the candle exploded in his hand.

## CHAPTER V.

### BLACK BILL PROVES HIMSELF TO BE VERY CLEVER.

Black Bill really felt as though he had gained a great victory over Young Wild West.

Taken by surprise, as he had been, and having proved himself able to get out of danger, the villain considered that he stood as much chance as did his enemies.

When he had got his men all to places of safety, he gave a low chuckle.

"Boys," he said, "I reckon we've got out of a putty bad hole. Young Wild West an' his gang sartinly had ther best of it, but they didn't keep it that way long. They must have seen me when I was up on ther rocks there, an' that made 'em leave ther trail. They come on around us an' found us here waitin' like a lot of fools. But there was one galoot here as ain't no fool, an' yer all know who that is. It's me—Black Bill. I reckon I'm about as smart as Young Wild West is. I don't believe in holdin' up my hands, jest 'cause I'm told to do it. But yer see how easy I dropped to ther ground an' rolled behind ther rocks? Well, I reckon I know somethin', anyhow. An' did yer take notice how I made them galoots git their heads out of sight. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I was mighty glad yer done that, Bill," Fisher declared, from behind a boulder, a few feet distant. "It give us a chance to save our lives, I reckon. But I didn't know why it was that Young Wild West an' ther rest didn't shoot us down right at ther start. They was sartinly very good to us."

"Well, they thought that they was goin' to take us all alive, I s'pose," and again the leader laughed.

"Well, I'm glad they didn't do that," spoke up another of the villains. "But ther thing is now, how we're goin' ter git away from here."

"We'll do that all right," Black Bill answered quickly. "Jest lay low a while. I'm doin' some tall thinkin', an' it won't take me long to figure out a way to fool 'em. I hardly think they kin see our horses from where they are. If they can't I'm goin' ter git ther horses an' lead 'em along close under ther bank for a little ways. Then ther rest of yer kin foller, one at a time. Of course, it are likely that we'll all have ter pass what yer kin call a danger spot or two. That will happen every time we show ourselves goin' from one rock to another. But jest wait. They'll keep a watch on us, of course, but they won't all be peepin' at us. They're afraid they might git shot if they do that. Them what's goin' ter watch will be mighty careful that we don't see 'em. Now, jest wait a while, as I said afore."

The fact was that the six villains had plenty of chances to keep themselves concealed from the view of those who might be looking over the top of the high bank.

As we have said before, the rocks and boulders scattered about on either side of the trail were numerous.

Black Bill did not mean to let Young Wild West get the best of him.

He was thinking all the time, and he had certainly showed that he was pretty clever.

After waiting for perhaps five minutes he began crawling away from the rock he had been lying behind since the time he had made the quick move, instead of holding up his hands, as he had been commanded to.

He knew very well if he could get close to the bank he would be less likely to be seen by those who were no doubt watching him, so he turned in that direction.

Leaving the rock, he managed to get behind another that was nearer to the bank, and then he moved along behind that until he came to another that was still nearer.



As he reached the last one he turned his head upward, and then it was that he gave a nod of satisfaction.

"I reckon they can't see me without leanin' over now," he muttered. "I'll jest take ther risk of goin' across that little open space there, an' if I'm able to do that I'm able to do ther whole thing I want to do."

There was no doubt but that the man was brave.

He was willing to take any kind of risk.

Nerving himself for what might come, Black Bill started to crawl upon his hands and knees across the open space, and expose himself to anyone who might be leaning over the top of the bank.

He moved rapidly, but made little or no noise.

It happened that no one was leaning over far enough to see him.

But there was nothing strange in this, since if Jim Dart or the cowboys had done this they would surely have furnished targets for the villains below.

Black Bill breathed a sigh of relief as he got close to the foot of the slanting bank, which was so steep in some places as to be almost perpendicular.

Just where he now sat upon the ground it hollowed in the center, and almost formed a canopy over his head.

He knew very well that he could not be seen from directly above him, but it was from other places along the banks that he feared.

Elated with having got where he was so easily, he now started for the horses.

He was not long in reaching them, since he had an excellent chance to move without being seen from above.

When he got to the horses he turned and lay flat upon his back and then took a good survey of the scene above.

"I reckon they kin just about see ther tops of ther backs of ther horses an' their heads," he muttered. "I've got a putty good eye, an' I ain't makin' no mistake on that. That means that I ain't got to show myself as high as ther backs of ther horses. But I reckon I kin sorter git along without doin' that."

It happened that only one of the horses was tied, and that was the one that had lost its rider in the conflict with the cowboys at the ravine.

The rest all stood with the bridle reins thrown over their heads.

Cowboys' horses will usually stand for a long time this way, since they take it for granted that they must not move when the rein is thus thrown over their heads.

But probably this is due to the fact that they are trained that way, being tied to a hitching post by the bridle after the rein is thrown forward.

Black Bill crept to the rock to which the lariat holding the horses was tied, and when he had untied it he moved back under the bank again, and then, giving a gentle pull upon the lariat, exclaimed, in a low tone of voice:

"Come, git up."

He uttered a chirp at the same time, and the result was that the horse at once moved toward him.

Again he chirruped, and the result was that the other horses moved slowly after the first one.

"I reckon I've got things dead ter rights," the villain thought, as he worked his way along under the bank, keep-

ing the lariat taut. "If ther boys could only manage to git away from danger as well as I did, we'll outwit Young Wild West an' his crowd yet. But I want to do something more than outwit ther boy. I've made up my mind to steal one of them gals, if I can manage to git away from here all right and make 'em think we're here yet."

Further and further went the man, the horses following slowly.

If Jim Dart and the cowboys had turned their gaze in that direction they must have seen them, though it would have been dangerous for them to lean over far enough to take a look.

The fact was that they were watching the rocks they knew the villains were behind, and were not paying much attention to any other part of the vicinity.

Black Bill went on until he turned a slight bend in the bank that lined the trail, and then he felt like giving a shout of joy.

He got all the horses around the bend, and then he again tied the riderless one, after which he mounted his own and rode away at a walk.

"Well," said he, as he turned and looked back, "I reckon I'm ther one they want ther most. I'm ther galoot as killed Bob Jones. But I ain't goin' ter leav' ther boys in ther lurch. I could do it, I know. I could git a mighty good start on 'em, too. But I've jest made up my mind to have a howlin' revenge on Young Wild West. Maybe I can't git a shot at him jest now, but it sorter strikes me that I kin manage to git hold of one of them gals I seen comin' along with 'em. If I kin do that much I'm all right. I'm goin' ter try it, anyhow. But afore I do I must git somewhere, so I kin let ther boys know what I've done. Then, if they ain't got sense enough to crawl away from where they are, an' git to their horses, they'll have to stay there. I sartinly can't go back an' carry 'em."

The villain knew he would be taking a great risk in trying to show himself to his followers; still, he meant to do it.

His life had been made up of risks, for the most part, and he had become used to it.

He rode along for about two hundred yards, and then struck out boldly upon the trail.

Turning his horse so he faced in the direction he had come from, he came to a halt.

He could see his crouching friends easily, and when he saw one of them look toward him and then wave his hand, he motioned for them to follow him.

This done, he quickly turned to the left and left the trail.

He had reached a point where the ground was comparatively level now, so there was no steep bank for him to climb.

"Now, then," he muttered, as he swung off at a sharp trot, "I reckon I'll see where them gals is. It ain't likely that they're very close to ther edge of ther bank. Young Wild West ain't fool enough to let gals run ther risk of gittin' hit by a stray shot, not if he's all they say he is. He might be a putty smart young galoot, but I reckon when he stacks up agin me he's got his match, an' maybe a little more."

On rode the villain, taking care to keep the trees, bushes



and rocks behind him and the spot where he knew his enemies were located.

In this way he continued until he had made a half circle.

Then he came to a halt, and after taking his bearings, decided that if he were to find out where the girls were he must proceed directly toward the trail.

Dismounting, he threw the bridle rein over his horse's head, and then started cautiously forward, revolver in hand.

"I reckon I ain't goin' ter be took by surprise this time," he declared, under his breath. "If it's anybody that's goin' ter be surprised it'll be Young Wild West an' his gang. I ain't goin' ter give nobody a chance to pull a trigger on me, either. I kin shoot somewhat fast, as well as Young Wild West kin, an' when I shoot I ain't goin' ter try to knock a gun out of anybody's hand; I'm goin' ter try ter kill."

The country was well wooded right there, and it could not have suited the villain any better if he had mapped the whole thing out himself.

He moved forward in a stealthy manner, and in a very short time he came to a place from which he could peer through the scattered trees and see the spot where the Chinaman had unloaded the pack-horses.

It happened that it was just at that moment that the candle Hop had given Lang exploded.

Though somewhat surprised at the occurrence Black Bill did not become alarmed.

"I wonder what that was for?" he thought. "Looks as though ther heathen played a trick on that galoot. That's Lang. I feel jest like takin' a shot at him, but I won't, though. There's them three gals there."

He crouched in the bushes, and when Young Wild West, Cheyenne Charlie and the other cowboy, who was at leisure just then, came hastening to see what the trouble was, he waited and listened.

Black Bill was quite close enough to hear everything that was said, and when he heard the Chinaman explain that he had simply played a joke on the man he gave a low chuckle.

"I'll be ther next one to play a joke on 'em, I reckon," he muttered. "Jest wait."

Then he listened, and heard Hop declare that he was ready to go and stir up the outlaws.

Enough was said to let the villain know all about what was contemplated.

Pretty soon all hands left the spot, with the exception of the three girls and Wing, the cook.

Then it was that Black Bill proceeded to creep a little closer to the camp.

He had managed to get a good look at the girls, and it was easy for him to pick out the one he thought was Young Wild West's sweetheart.

Arietta was certainly far prettier than the average girl, and there was a way about her that was bound to attract the attention of anyone, including a villain.

"Ther yaller haired gal is ther one I want," he decided. "I'll ketch her or I'll fail in ther whole thing."

The man felt in his pocket and brought out a hank of stout cord. Then he produced a big cotton handkerchief.

"If I kin git her without lettin' ther rest know what's goin' on, it'll be all ther better," he thought.

At that moment Arietta left the camp and started to follow Wild and the rest.

Black Bill looked upon the ground, and seeing a stick about the size of an egg, he quickly picked it up and hurled it to a pile of bushes to the left of the girl.

The stick made a crash as it struck, of course.

The girl heard it, too, and she stopped quickly. She looked back, and seeing that those she had left at the camp were still there, she started to investigate the cause of the sound.

At the same moment Black Bill hurried in that direction.

But before Arietta could reach the spot a loud report sounded from the trail below.

Hop had exploded his big firecracker.

The girl turned and ran from the spot, thus saving herself from being caught by the leader of the outlaws.

Black Bill uttered an oath and turned from the spot. "Never mind," he muttered. "I won't try to git one of ther others. That's ther one I want, an' I'll wait till ther chance comes. I'm goin' ter git her, just as sure as my name are Black Bill."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE OUTLAWS MAKE THEIR ESCAPE.

It must be said that Jim Dart was not keeping as good a watch as he should have been, or Black Bill would never have led the horses away.

But the fact was that Jim did not dream of such a thing as that being tried.

The two cowboys were lying so they could keep their eyes on what was below all the time, and the boy simply lay quiet and took things easy.

But when Hop came up, ready to stir the villains up, Jim Dart was all attention, as were the cowboys.

Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie were with the clever Chinees, and everyone was expecting something exciting, if not humorous to happen.

Hop waited until our hero told him to go ahead, and then he coolly lighted the fuse of the big home-made cracker with his cigar.

He was squatting within a few feet of the edge of the bank, and in order to know just where he should throw the cracker he must rise and take a quick look.

This he did, for Hop was never afraid to take the risk of getting a bullet.

But no shots were fired, and down went the cracker. Bang!

It exploded with a loud report, and our friends listened for the excited shouts of the outlaws.

But none came to their ears.

Wild quickly ran to the bank and peered over.

The smoke was rising from the spot where the cracker had exploded, but that was about all he could see that had not been there the last time he looked.



The boy shot a quick glance over the entire scene below.

Then it was that he noticed that the horses of Black Bill and his men were no longer there.

It occurred to him right away that the outlaws had outwitted them.

"Boys," said he, coolly rising to his feet, "I reckon Hop wasted that firecracker. The galoots have skipped out! They have vamoosed right before the eyes of some of you."

"What!" cried Jim Dart, looking amazed. "How could they do that, Wild, when we were watching down there all the time?"

"I don't know just how they did it, Jim; but they certainly are not there now. That means that they must have got away right while you were watching them. I suppose they kept well behind the rocks and crept away, but how they managed to take the horses is somewhat of a puzzle to me."

"Great gimlets!" exclaimed Cheyenne Charlie, as he took a good look and saw that the horses of the outlaws were no longer there. "That's what I calls mighty clever of ther galoots. That Black Bill is sartinly a smart one."

"That's the second time he's got away, Charlie," Wild retorted. "But I reckon if we get him again it will be different. As you say, he's a mighty clever galoot."

"What are yer goin' ter do now, Wild?" and the scout looked at the boy inquiringly.

"Well, I've been thinking that about the best thing we can do is to stay right where we are," was the rather unexpected reply.

"Stay right where we are!"

"Yes; Black Bill is so anxious to get us that the chances are he won't go very far. I think if we stay right here he will be coming around to try and get a shot at us."

"Well, I reckon you know best."

The cowboys who heard what the young deadshot said did not seem to think it a very good plan to stay there. But they said nothing just then.

Wild looked around for a spot to descend to the cut below, and finding a way to get down he was not long in doing it.

He went fearlessly, for he was quite sure that there was no one there.

He soon found this to be right, but how long the villains had been gone he did not know.

Once down there, it was quite easy for him to see how it had been possible for them to make their escape.

Still, they must have been very clever and cautious in their movements in order to do it.

"I don't believe they have gone as far as a mile away," he thought. "Well, I'll go back to the camp and we will wait a while and see what turns up. If we don't see anything of them by noon, I reckon we had better take their trail."

He soon climbed up to the high ground above, and then walking over to the camp, he said:

"Well, boys, I reckon it will be a good idea to keep a pretty sharp watch. One or two of you might take a ride around and look for some signs of the galoots."

Two of the cowboys at once showed their eagerness to do this, so Wild told them to go ahead.

They mounted their horses and were soon riding away in the direction they thought the villains might have taken.

"This is what I call putty tough luck," observed Lang, the leader of the cowboys. "I thought sure we had 'em this time."

"So did I," our hero admitted. "It seems as though Black Bill is as slippery as an eel. He has got away from me twice now, but the third time it will be different. You mark my words for that. I am going to get him alive, too."

"Well, I don't know as it will make much difference about that," Lang retorted, shaking his head. "Ther four of us made up our minds that we was goin' to hang him if we caught him, so what's ther difference if he dies by a bullet."

"Well, I reckon you won't hang him if I take him alive," Wild answered, coolly. "From what you said, King Pin Hollow is not so very far from here, so we'll take him there. But we'll wait until we get him before we talk about it."

Lang shrugged his shoulders and gave in to the boy's judgment.

Just then Hop came along and offered him another piece of candle; a broad grin on his face as he did so.

"I don't want that, Hop," the cowboy spoke up, quickly. "You ain't goin' ter play no more tricks on me. Ginger! but you sorter surprised me when that thing went off."

Hop put the piece of candle back in his pocket.

"Allee light," he said. "You wantee know allee 'boutee my fireclackers, so me havee lillee fun. Me no wantee makee you mad."

"Well, you didn't make me mad, Hop. It takes a lot more than that to make me mad. I was a little too inquisitive, so I reckon you served me jest about right. But Wild says you're a magician. How about that?"

"Lat light. Me allee samee velly smartee Chinee. Me do magic ticks for um empelor of China, and he allee samee givee me fifty thousand dollee. He likee me so muchee he no wantee me comee to 'Melica. But me knowee me havee more fun in 'Melica, so me allee samee comee velly muchee quickee."

"Did yer fetch ther fifty thousand dollars with yer?" queried the other cowboy, who was not a little interested.

"Yes, me allee samee fetchee um fifty thousand dollee, so be. Me havee velly bigee timee when me gittee in 'Flisco, too."

"You didn't spend it in 'Frisco, did yer?"

"Yes, me spendee allee in um week, so be. Me havee velly bigee timee."

"I reckon yer must have had," said Lang, grinning at the Chinaman. "Any galoot as spends fifty thousand dollars in a week sartinly must be enjoyin' himself. But what did yer spend it for?"

"Tanglefoot, fan-tan, and dlaw pokee, so be. Me play lillee falo, too."

"Oh!" and the two cowboys nodded.

"So yer lost ther most of it gamblin', then?" queried Lang, after a pause.



"Yes, lat light. Me allee samee learnee um gloat 'Melican game of dlaw pokee. It cost me velly muchee money, but me no care. Me gottee plenty money now, so be."

Out came a big leather wallet, and opening it Hop showed several bills.

They were nearly all hundreds, as the two cowboys could see, and they fairly opened their eyes in amazement.

Putting the wallet away, Hop drew forth a buckskin bag and dumped out a handful of gold coins.

"Great ginger!" exclaimed Lang. "You're sartinly well fixed, Hop."

"Me gottee plenty more in um bank in Denver, so be," declared the Chinaman, smiling complacently.

"What do yer carry so much money around with you for?" the other cowboy queried.

"Some timee me gettee in um velly bigee gamee dlaw pokee," was the reply. "Takee plenty money to play bigee gamee, so be."

"Put away your money, you heathen galoot," spoke up Cheyenne Charlie, who was listening and watching what was going on. "All's you're good fer is to brag. Jest stop it; I'm gettin' sick of it."

"Lat allee light, Misler Charlie," and Hop quickly put away the bag of gold.

"If yer want to do anything while we're waitin' go ahead an' show 'em a little sleight-of-hand," said the scout, in a tone of voice that was more gentle.

"That's it," spoke up Lang, while the other cowboy nodded.

"Allee light. Me showee you velly nicee lillee tlick, len."

As though he were making preparations to do so, Hop pulled a pack of cards from one of his many pockets and stepped up close to the cowboys.

He proceeded to show the cards to them and tell them how to tell a diamond from a heart without looking at it.

Of course he could not teach them how to do this, but that was not what he was really doing, as will be seen later on.

When he got through making the explanation, the two were as much at sea as they were when he started.

But Hop had done what he wanted to, so now he was ready to go ahead with his trick.

He drew a little square box from one of his pockets, and opening it, showed that there was nothing in it.

"Now len," said he, "you let me havee you watchee and I allee samee puttee in um boxee. Me no hurtee um watchee."

Lang happened to have an old-fashioned silver watch, but he was rather dubious about letting the Chinaman have it.

"He won't hurt it," spoke up the scout, nodding for him to go ahead. "That's one thing about him. If he tells you he won't do a thing, he won't. But you oughter know that he wouldn't go to breakin' up a good watch."

"All right, then. Here she goes. Take ther watch, Hop. But I wouldn't want to have it broke, 'cause it was my father's."

"If me allee samee bleak um watchee me fixee light away."

"Yes, but I don't want yer to break it, see!"

"All light. If um watchee no goodee when me givee back to you me allee same makee you plesent of um thousand dollee. How lat stlike you?"

"All right; go ahead."

Hop took the watch and carefully placed it in the little box, which was made of pasteboard, and just about large enough to hold the timepiece.

He put the lid on, and then placed it on a rock that was near at hand.

This done, he drew forth another box that looked exactly like the first one.

"Now len," said he, smiling blandly, "me putee lis box on um lock over lere, and len me showee you velly nicee lillee tlick."

He took pains to show everybody that there was nothing in the box, and then the lid went on quickly.

Stepping over to another rock that was about six feet distant from the one upon which the other box was resting, he placed it there and then stepped back a few paces.

"Now len," said he, smiling blandly, "evelybody watchee. Me makee um watchee gettee outee of lat box velly muchee quickee and go in um othee boxee. Evelybody watchee!"

The two cowboys grinned.

Neither of them believed he could do any such thing, though they both had heard of the clever tricks that were sometimes performed by magicians.

Hop made a few mysterious motions, first to one box and then the other, and then he clapped his hands sharply, and exclaimed:

"Allee samee changee! Hip hi!"

He next turned to Lang and said:

"Takee um watchee ffrom um box over lere."

As he pointed to the empty one, Lang did not go to that.

He shook his head and grinned.

"I reckon it's in this one, Hop," he said, confidently.

"Allee light. You lookee, len."

The cowboy no sooner removed the box from the rock than he found that it was not heavy enough to contain the watch.

A look of surprise showed on his face, but he quickly removed the lid. The box was empty.

"Well, by ginger!" he exclaimed. "I was watchin' that box all ther time, an' I know for sartin that ther watch couldn't git out of it."

"But it did, jest ther same," spoke up ther scout, smiling broadly.

"Lookee in um othee boxee," said Hop, blandly.

Lang walked over and removed the other box from the rock.

As he opened it he found the watch there, sure enough.

It was very puzzling to the two cowboys, but our friends had seen the clever Chinaman perform so many tricks that it was old to them.

They knew very well that he had only made it appear that he put the watch in the first box.

His ability to do sleight-of-hand enabled him to do such things easily enough.

But Hop was not done with the trick yet.



He took the box containing the watch from the hand of the cowboy, and then quickly placed the lid on it.

"Now len," said he, "me lettee Misler Wild takee um shot at um box. He velly goodee shot, so be, Misler Lang."

Holding the little square box with his thumb and forefinger by the corner, he raised it above his head.

"You shootee, Misler Wild," he said, calmly.

"All right," said our hero, who was doubly certain that the watch was not in the box, and that he could not possibly do it any harm. "I'll take a shot, Hop."

"All right," he said.

Out came the young deadshot's revolver, and taking a quick aim at the box, he pulled the trigger.

Crack!

As the report rang out those looking at it saw the box move slightly, and then they knew very well that the bullet had not gone astray.

Lang looked dismayed. Even after seeing what had happened before, he was of the opinion that his watch was in the box, and that it had been hit by Young Wild West's bullet.

But when Hop handed it to him, a sigh of relief left his lips.

The little box was altogether too light to contain the watch.

He removed the lid from it and found it to be empty. There was a bullet hole right in the center, too.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Lang. "I reckon Hop is a magician, all right. But where's my watch?"

"You gottee you watchee in you pocket, so be," declared the Chinaman, quickly. "You no givee me you watchee; you tlinkee lat you did, but you no givee me. Me makee you believe me takee you watchee, but me no havee."

"Git out!" exclaimed the other cowboy, shaking his head. "Don't yer s'pose I've got eyes? I've been watchin' everything that was goin' on."

Lang put his hand in his pocket, and sure enough he found the watch just where it belonged.

It probably did not occur to him that the Chinaman had been very close to him but a moment before, and that he might have slipped it back into the pocket.

"Maybe you gottee sometling more in you pockee, so be," said Hop, quietly.

"I s'pose I have got a few little things that belong there," was the reply.

But he thought he would find out if there was anything there that did not belong to him, so he felt in his pockets.

The first thing he brought out was what appeared to be a live rattlesnake, and uttering a yell of fright he hurled it to the ground.

"What in thunder is ther matter?" he cried, as he ran to pick up a stone to kill the snake. "How did that rattler git in my pocket?"

"Don't bother to kill it," spoke up Wild, calmly, as a smile played about his lips. "It is only a rubber snake. It's a trick snake that Hop carries about with him."

"Oh!" and Lang looked relieved.

The other cowboy was grinning broadly now, for he

thought it a pretty good joke that had been played upon his foreman.

Hop noticed his smile, so he nodded to him and said: "Maybe you gottee sometling in you pockee, so be."

It was only natural that the cowboy should put both hands in his pockets.

Out came his right hand with a jerk, while an exclamation of alarm came from his lips.

His fingers had clutched a live mouse, and not knowing what it was, he hurled it from him.

Everybody saw the little rodent scamper away as it struck the ground, and then it was that Cheyenne Charlie broke into a roar of laughter.

The rest joined in, so there was nothing to do but for the cowboys to take it good-naturedly.

It was just then that the two men who had gone out to look for the outlaws came riding back.

"Black Bill and his gang has gone up ther side of ther mountain," said one of them, as he brought his horse to a halt. "We didn't see 'em, but we found ther trail. We thought we had better come back an' tell yer, Young Wild West."

"All right," Wild answered. "If that's the case, I suppose some of us may as well go after them. It is likely they will try to ambush us again, so I think we had better go around and try to get behind them, the same as we did before. Four of us will be enough to go, so you two fellows can accompany Cheyenne Charlie and me."

The cowboys were more than willing, and a few minutes later the four were riding through the woods in the direction the outlaws had taken.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ARIETTA IS CAUGHT.

When Black Bill gave up the idea of trying to capture Arietta he quickly made his way back to where he had left his horse.

Knowing the direction his comrades would have to take, he rode off through the woods and headed for the trail at a point further along.

When he reached it he found them waiting there, as though undecided what to do.

The fact was that being unable to find their leader, they had decided to wait there a few minutes.

They had done just the right thing, and when Black Bill saw them, he called out, softly:

"Come on, boys. I reckon we'll head for ther slope back there. We won't go so very far, 'cause I've made up my mind to ketch a gal they've got with 'em, an' I'm goin' ter do it, too. She's a mighty purty gal, an' she's Young Wild West's sweetheart. That's why I want to git her. But how did yer make out? I see yer got away without them knowin' anything about it."

"Yes, he managed to do that all right," Fisher answered, for he was always the first one to make a reply, it seemed. "It wasn't sich a hard thing to do, after all."

"No; I reckon it wasn't. Ther worst thing about it



was gittin' ther horses away, but that worked mighty good. All's I had to do was to lead ther one we had tied, an' ther rest come right along at a walk. We've got mighty good horses, boys, an' we oughter be glad of it. They know jest what to do."

The portion of the country where they were was full of holes and hollows, with patches of timber and bushes scattered about in profusion.

This made it quite easy for them to proceed without running the chances of being observed by Young Wild West and his friends.

Having decided to go to the steep side of the mountains, which loomed up before them, Black Bill rode on at the head of the gang.

Though the country was somewhat new to them all, they felt that there were plenty of hiding places there and that they would be able to find a spot where they might remain in seclusion until they got ready to leave it.

When they were perhaps a mile from the spot where our friends were camped they struck a narrow ravine that came so close together at the top that in many places the branches of the trees met from either side.

"I reckon this would be a mighty good place to lay for Young Wild West," Fisher observed. "I s'pose you're bent on gittin' him, Bill?"

"Bent on gittin' him!" exclaimed the villain, sharply. "Well, I rather reckon so. We're goin' ter git every galoot there is there. Don't yer know that if we're caught now we'll all be hung? I've done one murder, so I reckon I won't be no worse off for doin' some more."

"But you don't mean to kill ther gals, too, do you, Bill?" spoke up one of the others.

"What do I care about ther gals," was the reply. "Of course I've sorter took a notion to one of 'em, but that don't say that she's goin' ter live, so she kin git me hung, does it? She ain't to be killed, not right away, anyhow. She's goin' ter be Mrs. Black Bill, boys. How does that sound?"

"Good!" came the reply from all hands, except Fisher. He shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Well, I don't know how you're goin' ter marry her if there ain't no parson around, Bill. I, for one, don't believe in anything like that. I'm a putty bad man, I know. But I ain't for harmin' that gal, or any other gal. I never was built that way, an' I ain't comin' to it now."

"See here!" exclaimed the leader, flashing a glance at the man that told plainly how angry he was. "Fisher, don't you go to doin' anything ag'in what I say. Don't yer do it, do yer hear? I reckon you know what kind of a galoot I am. You said you was goin' ter stick to me, ther same as ther rest did. Now then, gal or no gal, I want yer to do it. If you don't, me an' you is goin' ter have trouble. I reckon you know who'll come out alive if that happens."

"Well, Bill, I was only expressin' my opinion, that's all," was the retort. "I can't help sayin' that I'm ag'in doin' harm to them gals. You kin catch one of 'em, if yer want ter, but she mustn't be harmed. Be a little reasonable, Bill."

"Shet up!" roared the scoundrel, making a move as

though he meant to pull a gun. "I don't want to hear another word like that out of yer, Fisher."

"All right. I'm done," was the meek reply. "You're boss, so you kin go ahead and do jest as you like. I won't say a word."

"But I want you to do your part in ther game, too, understand that?"

"All right, Bill."

Fisher seemed to be very meek now, and Black Bill no doubt felt that he had completely mastered him.

But as clever as he was Black Bill could be deceived, as the sequel will prove.

The fact was that Fisher was the only one of the ruffians who had a spark of pity for the girls in his breast.

Bad as he was, he did not mean to see the girl harmed, provided Bill succeeded in making her a captive.

The villains rode on in silence for a few minutes, and then they came to a spot where the ravine broadened and gradually ran upward until it lost itself upon a gentle slope of the mountainside.

The ground was thickly wooded here, and as they neared the end of the narrow defile Black Bill selected a spot to the right that he thought would just suit them for a place to make their temporary headquarters.

"We'll stop right here, boys," he said, as he dismounted. "Then I'm goin' ter go back an' git that gal. I'm goin' ter do it alone, so none of yer will git ther blame of it, if there's anyone left to lay any blame. You fellers kin stay right here. If I git ther gal ther chances is that Young Wild West will come after me, an' if he does it's up ter you to open fire on him. I reckon you understand that. Yer all know as well as I do that it won't do to let any of that gang stay alive, not if we're to git away."

"We'll make short work of 'em, if they happen to come along, Bill," Fisher declared, while the rest quickly joined in.

"All right, then. I'm goin' ter go back; but I'm goin' by a little different way than what we come. I'll do my best to lead Young Wild West an' his gang here. Then you kin do ther rest."

So saying, the villain took his horse by the bridle rein and started up the slope.

The fact was that Black Bill had set his villainous heart upon capturing Arietta.

He was ready to go through any kind of danger in order to accomplish his purpose.

But he did not forget his shrewdness, however.

He had come so near getting the girl a short time before that he felt he would make no mistake now.

Once at the top of the hill, he mounted, and riding off for a couple of hundred yards to the left, he turned and went along parallel with the ravine.

He knew very well that the track of their horses could easily be seen, so if Young Wild West had struck the trail he would not meet him by coming this way.

Black Bill did not let his horse go at a very fast pace.

He felt that he had plenty of time.

When about halfway to the camp of our friends, he came to a rather high elevation, and halting here he dismounted and quickly climbed a tree.

He was scarcely halfway up when he got sight of four



horsemen riding along upon the trail he and his villainous companions had made but a short time before.

They were Young Wild West, Cheyenne Charlie and the two cowboys, as might be supposed.

"That's putty good!" he exclaimed, as his eyes gleamed with satisfaction. "There's half of 'em, anyhow. If they keep right on goin' as they are, they'll sartinly git their medicine. Now then, I reckon it'll be a little easier for me to git ther gal."

Down the tree he went, and quickly mounting his horse, he rode on.

In a couple of minutes he reached the trail he had helped make but a short time before.

Then it was that he suddenly heard the sounds of approaching hoofs.

The quick ears of the villain told him that someone else was coming.

Quickly he rode behind a clump of bushes, and then waited.

The next moment he gave a start, for who should he see riding along but the very girl he was so anxious to capture.

Arietta had taken a sudden notion to follow Wild and the others, and, as she always did, she had her way about it.

The girl came riding along at a canter, not suspecting that danger lurked so near her.

Black Bill quickly prepared himself for what was to come.

His lariat was ready, and dropping swiftly from the back of his horse he stood behind a clump of bushes, ready to rope the girl as she came along.

He was so close to her when she arrived opposite him, that all he had to do was to simply let the loop go over her head.

A quick jerk brought her from the saddle in a twinkling, and before she could realize what had happened he sprang upon her, revolver in hand.

Arietta uttered one sharp scream for help, and then the villain thrust the muzzle of the weapon against her face.

"Do that again an' I'll kill yer!" he hissed. "Gal, I'm a desperate man. I wouldn't think no more of shootin' yer than I would Young Wild West. I want yer, so jest keep quiet."

Arietta was never more frightened in her life than she was at that moment.

One look at the villainous face told her that she was in the power of a fiend.

But trained to all sorts of dangers, as she was, she partly recovered herself quickly.

"Let me go, you scoundrel!" she exclaimed. "You will suffer for this."

"Maybe I will, gal," was the reply, while a cruel smile showed upon the villain's face. "But I wanted yer, an' I've got yer. You're goin' ter be my bride, gal. Young Wild West an' ther rest of 'em is goin' ter be made short work of; but you're goin' ter be my bride. You hear what I say?"

"Never!" cried the girl. "You human fiend, you; let me go."

"Shet up! Don't you dare to yell out as loud as that

again. If you do I'll change my mind about makin' yer my bride an' kill yer."

"Kill me, then!" cried the girl, as she made a desperate struggle to free herself.

"Well, I don't want to do that, if I kin help it."

The rope had pinned her right arm to her side, so Arietta was quickly bound so she was in a helpless state.

Her horse had gone on but a short distance, for the animal was so well trained that the moment its rider fell from the saddle it slackened down to a halt.

Having rendered the girl powerless, Black Bill got the horse. Then he lifted her into the saddle and coolly proceeded to tie her so it would be impossible for her to fall to the ground.

"You'll ride right along on your own horse, gal," he said, with a chuckle. "I'll see ter it that yer don't slip off, too. I'm a putty good hand at this kind of work, I reckon."

Arietta said nothing just then. But she meant to make herself heard, as soon as the villain started to take her away from the spot.

Black Bill was not long in arranging things to his satisfaction. Then he slipped the noose of a long lariat through a ring of the bridle of Arietta's horse, and taking the other end, he coolly mounted his own horse, making it fast to the horn of his saddle.

"Now then, gal, you have got to go jest where I lead," he called out. "If you open your mouth to yell out I'm goin' ter take a shot at you. Maybe I won't hit yer ther first time; but if yer yell again I might do it ther next. You're goin' ter be ther bride of Black Bill, ther outlaw. There ain't no use in tryin' to do anything different, so yer might as well make up your mind ter it. Young Wild West has got to die, an' so has ther rest of his gang. You're ther only one as kin be saved, so yer ought to be mighty thankful for that, gal."

Then the villain started his horse forward, and unmindful of the threat he had made, Arietta raised her voice in a cry for help, calling out her dashing young lover's name as she did so.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CHARLIE DOES SOME EFFECTIVE WORK.

Young Wild West must have been easily half a mile away from Arietta when she uttered that loud cry for help.

It came to his ears quite plainly, and he recognized the voice instantly.

"Something is wrong, boys!" he exclaimed, his face turning slightly pale. "Arietta is in trouble."

"I reckon that's what's ther matter, Wild," Cheyenne Charlie retorted, quickly. "She must have started to foller us, an' she's met some of them galoots. That's what I think."

Our hero scarcely heard the last the scout said, for he whirled his horse suddenly and was dashing away like the wind before the cowboys comprehended what it meant.



"You go right on, Charlie," Wild called out. "It's a plain trail you are following, and the chances are that you will find the galoots not far away."

"All right," the scout retorted, and though he had turned his horse to follow the boy, he halted and then swung around again.

"Come on, boys," he said. "I reckon Wild knows what he's doin'."

The two cowboys were willing to do anything that was suggested just then.

The cry the girl had uttered still rang in their ears, and they felt that surely Black Bill and his men were responsible for it.

If they could only catch the villains and punish them as they deserved, they would feel satisfied.

On rode Cheyenne Charlie, the two men following close behind him.

They had put their horses to a gallop now, and as the hoofprints were plainly visible, there could be no possible mistake about it.

They rode on and soon came to the narrow ravine.

"Keep a sharp watch, boys," advised the scout, as he leaned forward and watched for the hoofprints. "Ther minute yer see where them hoofprints turn off one way or ther other, or stop entirely, I want yer to stop mighty quick. We ain't goin' ter git in no ambush, not if I kin help it."

"All right," was the reply.

As they neared the end of the ravine, and saw that it widened out, the hoofprints were still plainly visible.

But something occurred to Charlie that there was danger close by, so he held up his hands for the two behind him to slacken pace.

Then it was that the scout's quick eye caught sight of a man's head and shoulders just as he disappeared behind a rock on the right, and about a hundred yards ahead of them.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "I reckon we've found 'em, boys. Come this way—quick!"

He swung his horse to the left and rode quickly behind a high bank that was covered with small trees and undergrowth.

Once there, Charlie dismounted, the cowboys doing likewise.

"Now then," said he, "ride over there among them rocks an' bushes, so we won't be seen by ther galoots. We'll jest climb up ther bank an' take a peep through ther bushes."

The cowboys nodded, and then he caught hold of some hanging vines and began climbing up the bank.

It did not take him long to reach the top, and once there he had a pretty good view of what lay across the open space.

Then it was that he not only got sight of one man, but two or three more.

There was no doubt but that the villains had seen them coming, and that they were wondering what had caused the three to go around behind the high little ridge that lay opposite them.

If Wild had not told Charlie not to shoot at the villains unless it was really necessary, the chances are that he would have opened fire on them right away.

But he remembered this, and thinking it best to find out all he could about the outlaws before letting them know that he saw them, he waited and watched.

The two cowboys soon joined him, and then they kept their eyes fixed in the direction the men had been seen.

We say had been seen, for now they were out of sight.

But their horses could just be seen behind some branches that swung out before a little cleft in the rocks.

Charlie knew that as long as the horses were there the men would not leave the spot to go very far, anyhow.

"They're lookin' for us, boys," he said, in a whisper, as he pushed his rifle through the foliage, so it would be ready to fire at an instant's notice. "Jest keep your eyes open."

Five minutes passed, and then the three had the satisfaction of seeing a man crawling away in the bushes.

Every few feet they could see him, as he got where there was anything like an open spot.

They soon found that he was working his way around toward them, and that he was bent on finding out where they had gone.

The ridge upon which they were lying ran out nearly straight to the level above, and when they finally saw the outlaw reach that spot, and then start to creep along the top of the little elevation they could not help uttering exclamations of satisfaction.

"Boys," said Charlie, "I reckon I'll go an' meet that galoot. I don't think it's Black Bill, 'cause he ain't got ther kind of a shirt on that he had. But it makes no difference. Wild said they was ter be took alive, if it could be done, so yer kin bet your life that I'll git him that way. You jest wait here, an' unless yer hear a lively time goin' on don't try to interfere."

The cowboys nodded, and then the scout started to creep along through the bushes.

He was so clever at this sort of thing that he made no noise whatever, and scarcely caused a bush to move.

But he made pretty fast progress, just the same.

In less than a minute he was able to hear the cracking of a twig now and then, which told him plainly that the man was coming right on.

Charlie continued crawling until he was convinced that he was not more than forty or fifty feet from the villain, and then he dropped behind a fallen tree and waited.

It was but a few seconds before the man came in view.

He was crawling along with what he no doubt considered a great deal of caution, and the scout could not help smiling at the awkward way he did it.

Straight to the fallen tree the villain came, and reaching it, half raised and peered in the direction he must have thought the three horsemen had gone.

But he could see nothing, of course, for the horses of Charlie and the cowboys were directly under the high bank.

Failing to see what he was looking for, the outlaw stepped upon the fallen tree, so he might reach a higher elevation.

It was then that Charlie made a quick grab and caught him by his ankles.

A sudden jerk and the villain came down, head first.

Before he could open his mouth to utter a cry of alarm, Charlie had him by the throat.



It was an awful grip the scout had, and he almost forgot himself just then, for the eyes of the villain bulged, while his tongue protruded from his mouth.

"You jest make one little cry an' it'll be your last, you sneakin' coyote!" Charlie exclaimed, in a low tone of voice.

A gurgling gasp was the response, as he loosened his awful grip.

But the villain had heard, and he knew it.

Holding him with his right hand, Charlie quickly took his revolver from him.

Then he caught him by the collar of his shirt and half lifted him to his feet, at the same time keeping the muzzle of his revolver pressed against the back of his head.

"You march right along, you sneakin' coyote!" he commanded. "You heard what I said. If you make jest one little cry, so as them other galoots kin hear yer, I'll send a bullet plumb through your head."

"Mercy!" gasped the villain, who was now as white as a sheet. "I ain't goin' ter say nothin'. I won't cry out. Let me go, won't yer?"

"When I git ready ter let you go, I reckon yer won't be able to move," was the reply. "You have run your limit, you have. Move right along now."

The outlaw dared not disobey, for he realized that he was very close to death just then.

Charlie marched him back to where he had left the two cowboys, and when they saw him coming with his prisoner they were surprised, as well as delighted.

"I got him," said the scout. "I knowed I could do it."

"Good!" exclaimed one of them. "Did yer ask him anything about ther gal?"

"No," and the scout gave a start. "I reckon he must know, though."

Then, fixing his gaze upon the villain's eyes, he pulled his revolver around until the muzzle touched the top of his nose.

"Now then," said he, sternly, "I reckon you're to answer me a question. If yer tell a lie, or if I even think you're tellin' a lie, I'm goin' ter pull ther trigger of this gun. You know what that means."

"Mercy!" gasped the wretched man, his hands shaking.

"Who went back to try an' interfere with anyone at our camp?" Charlie demanded, not noticing what the man said.

"Black Bill went to git one of ther gals," came the reply.

"Oh!" Charlie and the cowboys partly understood now.

"Which way did he go?" Charlie demanded.

"He went around over that way," and the prisoner nervously pointed in the direction Black Bill had taken.

"Oh, he did, eh?"

"Yes," answered the man, brightening up a little, he no doubt thinking that he might save his life by telling the truth. "He went around that way jest for ther purpose of gittin' one of ther gals he'd sorter set his heart on. We was to lay up here an' wait for yer to come. Then he was to shoot yer down. Black Bill wanted ther

gal for his wife. But we didn't like it much, 'cause we don't believe in foolin' with women or gals."

"Oh, yer don't, eh?" sneered the scout. "I don't believe that. I think you're bad enough to do anything. But if Black Bill got ther gal he was after, I reckon he won't be alive very long, 'cause Young Wild West is hot on his trail."

"I'm awful sorry I ever seen Black Bill," declared the prisoner, shaking his head. "He's got us in an awful lot of trouble, it seems. We didn't do nothin'. It was him who killed Bob Jones, an' stole ther money. He didn't even give us any of ther money. We jest happened to be friends of his, an' when he rode away we went with him. I'm an honest man, I am, only I got in bad company."

"That's where yer made a mistake, if what yer say is true. But I don't think an honest man would do what you've done. Boys, tie him up," and the scout turned to the cowboys.

One of them already had a rope ready to do the job, and it was not long before the scoundrel was placed in a helpless condition.

He pleaded for his release, but it was in vain.

"What's your name?" asked Charlie, after a short silence.

"Harvey," was the reply; "John Harvey."

"Well, I don't know as it does me any good to know it, but I jest want to tell yer, John Harvey, that you're goin' ter have your medicine. We're goin' ter take yer to King Pin Holler, an' then I reckon it won't be long afore you git strung up. Even if you didn't kill Bob Jones, you're jest as bad, since you're one of Black Bill's pards. When they hear about that over there in ther Holler, I reckon you won't stand much of a show."

"Let me go, let me go, won't yer?" cried the man, desperately.

"What for? Wasn't yer sneakin' around there to git sight of us, so you could fix it up with your gang to kill us? I reckon if you'd got me, ther same as I got you, yer wouldn't let me go, would yer?"

This was a little too much for the prisoner, and he remained silent.

"Of course you wouldn't," went on Charlie, nodding his head decisively. "You've got a lot of nerve to even ask me to let yer go. But it don't make no difference how much you ask it, I ain't goin' ter do it. Young Wild West is boss of this here job, an' he says as how we're to ketch ther whole gang of yer an' take yer to King Pin Holler. That's what we're goin' ter do, unless there's a fight about it. If that happens I reckon we won't have ther trouble of takin' yer there. We'll leave your carcasses layin' where they drop, an' ther catamounts and ther carrion birds kin pick your bones."

Charlie now turned from the man, and after thinking for a full minute, he decided on a plan of action.

Though he was not as good as Wild at planning, it occurred to him that it would be a good idea for him to go on around the way the man had come and try and catch the rest of the villains napping.

He had just made up his mind to do this, when he saw two of them moving toward their horses.



At first Charlie was tempted to open fire on them, but thinking of what Wild had said, he changed his mind.

He saw the two villains lead the horses back among the trees, and the next minute he heard the hoofbeats as they galloped away.

"There goes two of 'em, boys," he said, nodding to the cowboys. "I s'pose they're goin' ter help out Black Bill. There must be two of 'em left, so I reckon I'll creep around there an' tend to their case. You fellers jest stay here, an' see ter it that this galoot don't git away. I know he's tied hard an' fast, but something might happen that he might git loose if no one was here with him."

The cowboys agreed to this, so Charlie at once left the spot.

He did not have to proceed with any degree of caution just now, since the woods and bushes were quite thick at the top of the ridge.

When he left it and started to work his way around the spot where he knew the villains must be, then it would be different.

Charlie was not long in getting there, and then he brought his caution into play.

It was easy for him to approach the place unobserved, and it was not more than a couple of minutes before he had reached the spot from which he could look upon the two men who had remained there.

One of them was Fisher, and when Charlie noticed that he was sitting in a meditative sort of way it struck him that this man was heartily sick of his association with Black Bill.

The other villain seemed to be watchful, and was cautiously looking in the direction the man, who was now a prisoner in the hands of the cowboys, had taken.

Charlie knew he had them dead to rights, so he suddenly leaped forward, revolver in hand.

Hold up your hands, you sneaking coyotes!" he exclaimed. "I reckon it's all up with yer."

## CHAPTER IX.

### HOP SHOWS LANG HOW TO PLAY "DLAW POKEE."

Jim Dart had not favored Arietta's going away from the camp after Wild and those who had gone on the trail of the outlaws.

But he knew very well she would not listen to him, so he said nothing.

After the girl had gone Jim turned to Lang, the leader of the cowboys, and said:

"I reckon it will be a good idea for some of us to follow along after her a little later. It wouldn't do to go right away, for if she should happen to see anyone coming she would not like it. Arietta is a wonderful girl. She is full of grit, and she can put up a fight as well as anyone. I suppose she has got it in her head that Wild is running into danger. She often makes such moves as this."

"She is what I call one girl out of a thousand," Lang retorted. "I'll bet she will give a good account of herself if she happens to git in trouble."

"Missee Alietta allee samee shootee velly muchee stlaight, so be," spoke up Hop, who was taking in what was being said. "Me waitee 'boutee half an hour and len me foolee Missee Alietta. Maybe me comee 'long in timee to makee lillee helpee."

Jim Dart nodded at what the Chinaman said.

"All right, Hop," he remarked. "I reckon that will be a good idea. You can set out on Arietta's trail in about half an hour, if you feel like it."

"Allee light, Misler Jim. Me gottee plenty timee, so be. Maybe Misler Lang wantee me showee some magic ticks, so be."

"I'll tell yer what I would like to have yer show me, Hop," the cowboy spoke up.

"Whattée lat?" and the clever Chinaman looked at him curiously.

"Well, Cheyenne Charlie said as how you could beat ther man what made ther cards playin' poker. S'pose yer show me how yer do it."

"If me showee you, you no knowee how to do it," Hop declared, shaking his head and smiling.

"I wouldn't, eh? You don't think I'm as thick as that, do yer? I reckon when I'm showed a thing once I knows how ter do it."

"Allee light; me showee you."

Hop quickly produced a pack of cards, and leading the way to the fallen tree that was close by, sat down astride, and motioned Lang to take his place opposite him.

"Now len," he said, "me showee you allee 'boutee. You watchee."

He shuffled the cards thoroughly, while the cowboy watched every move he made.

Lang's partner was there, too, for he was just as interested as anyone.

When Hop had finished shuffling the cards he laid the pack on the tree trunk and invited Lang to cut them.

This the cowboy did, and then Hop dealt the cards, a hand for the cowboy and one for himself.

Lang looked at his hand and found that he held two kings, with some side cards that did not amount to anything.

"How many cards you wantee?" Hop asked.

"Three," was the reply.

"Allee light. Me givee you um cards flom um top of um pack, so be. You watchee."

Lang watched, all right, and he was satisfied that Hop did just as he said he would.

But when he picked up the three cards he found that two of them were kings, thus making him hold a very good hand, for it takes four aces to beat four kings.

"Me takee one card, so be," Hop observed, as he smiled blandly at the cowboy.

Then he made the discard and took the top card from the pack.

"I reckon if this was a real game of poker I'd sorter do some bettin'," observed Lang, grinning and looking wise.

Hop shook his head.

"You be allee samee velly muchee foolish if you bettee much," he said.

"Maybe I would; but blamed if I wouldn't go ther limit on ther cards I hold."



"Whattee you gottee, Misler Lang?"

"Four kings," was the quick reply.

"Ley no goodee; me allee samee gottee four lilee aces."

"Great ginger!" gasped the cowboy, as Hop showed his hand. "That's putty good. I might have knowed it, though. But say! you was goin' ter show how yer do that."

"Me showee you allee light. You watchee when me allee samee makee um deal."

"Yes, I watched yer, but I didn't see yer do nothin' wrong."

"Me no do anytling long, so be; me do evelytling allee light."

"Well, maybe yer did, in your way of thinkin'. But how did yer do it?"

"Me allee samee showee you some more, so be," replied Hop. "Now len, you watchee."

Then he gathered up the cards, and holding them within two feet of the man's face he proceeded to shuffle them carefully.

Next he laid the pack on the log and invited the cowboy to make the cut.

Though he had not seen him do anything out of the way, Lang knew, of course, that the clever Chinaman must have arranged the cards so he could deal them out as he liked.

Before he had cut the pack in the middle, but now he simply removed three or four cards from the top.

"There yer are!" he exclaimed; "that's my cut. Now go ahead an' deal from ther top of ther pack."

"Allee light," Hop retorted, blandly. "You watchee."

He certainly dealt the cards from the top of the pack, but Lang had failed to notice that in picking them up, Hop had put them back just as they had been before the cut was made.

But that was due to the wonderful cleverness of the Chinaman.

His hands were much quicker than the eyes of either of the cowboys, who were watching him so closely.

The two hands were dealt, Lang allowing his to remain upon the log until the last one had been dropped there.

Then he gathered up the cards and took a look at them.

Much to his surprise, he found himself the possessor of four kings and a ten-spot.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "Hop, you've given me a mighty good hand again."

"Lat allee light," was the reply. "You watchee me, so maybe you knowee how me givree you um cards, so be."

"Yes, I watched yer, an' I seen yer deal ther cards from ther top of ther pack, all right. I reckon I'll stand pat this time."

"Allee light. Me see how many cards me wantee."

Hop looked his hand over, and then promptly threw it down.

"Me allee samee wantee five cards," he declared.

"Now len, you watchee me some more, so be."

He picked up the deck and dealt off four cards in succession, turning them face up as he did so.

When the cowboys saw they were all aces they were more than surprised.

The fifth card did not amount to anything, so Hop did not bother to turn it up.

"Now len, you knowee how me allee samee gettee um goodee hand, so be, Misler Lang. Me showee you velly muchee plaine."

Blamed if I think there's anything plain about that," spoke up the other cowboy, shaking his head.

"Well, he done it right afore our eyes," Lang answered, quickly.

"Yes, but we didn't see how he got ther cards together, did we?"

"You watchee me allee timee," said Hop, smiling at them.

"Of course we watched yer," Lang retorted. "But what I wanted yer to show me was how yer managed to git ther cards together like that."

"Allee light. Me makee allee samee more deal, so be. You watchee."

Hop went over the performance again, only this time he did not give the cowboy a pair.

"How many cards you wantee?" he asked.

Lang thought a moment, and deciding that he would try and work a scheme to catch him, he said:

"I'll take three this time."

He held a king and queen to draw to, and as Hop started to give him the three cards the smile on his face broadened.

Much to the cowboy's surprise he found that he now had a full hand—three kings and a pair of queens.

"Thunder!" he gasped.

"Lat allee light," Hop answered, cheerfully. "Me allee samee takee one card lis timee."

He discarded and took the card, and then he looked at Lang, and said:

"Whattee you gottee?"

"Three kings an' a pair of queens," was the quick reply.

"Ley no goodee; me allee samee gottee four lilee aces."

"Well, there!" exclaimed Lang. "I reckon you're bound to win, anyhow. But I would like to know how yer do it."

"Me allee samee showee you thlee timee, so be. If you no findee outee how me do it in thlee timee, len me no showee you some more."

"Well," said Lang, "I reckon you're right. Anyone as knows how to fix cards that way, an' is able to do it without anyone seein' it, hadn't oughter give it away. But, Hop, you kin bet all you're worth that I'll never play draw poker with you."

"Allee light," and Hop put the cards away.

Jim Dart walked over just then, and as Hop looked at him he noticed that he appeared to be rather uneasy.

"Hop," said Dart, "I reckon it will be a good idea for you to strike out right away. I don't know what makes me feel that way, but I can't help thinking that someone is going to get into trouble, if they have not already done so. You go on now, and Lang and I will come a little later."

"Allee light, Misler Jim," was the reply, and the



clever Chinaman at once went to his horse and proceeded to saddle it.

He was soon ready to leave, and as he mounted he called out:

"Me allee samee gottee two, thlee big fireclackers, Misler Jim. Maybe me makee bigee blowee-up, if me findee um outlaws. Me no 'flaid."

"Well, go ahead; but be careful you don't get shot, that's all."

"Me no gittee shot. Hip hi! Hoolay!"

Then the Chinaman rode off at a gallop, following the direction that had been taken by Arietta.

When he had been gone about ten minutes Jim and Lang mounted their horses, and leaving the camp in charge of the other cowboy, they set out.

## CHAPTER X.

### YOUNG WILD WEST'S RECKLESS RIDE.

Young Wild West had located the direction the cry for help from his sweetheart had sounded.

It was off to the right of the trail they had been following, and as he dashed away from Charlie and the two cowboys it occurred to him that in all probability not more than one or two of the villains had come back for the purpose of watching for pursuit, and that they had got the girl.

If such was the case they would surely ride on to join their companions.

The boy was one who could think quickly and form a plan of action.

He decided instantly to make a short cut, so if what he thought was right, he might intercept those who had captured Arietta.

He shot a hasty glance in the direction he proposed to go, and picking out a sort of path that looked as though a horse might manage to get up it to the higher ground above, he urged the sorrel forward.

"Up with you, Spitfire!" he called out. "Arietta is in peril and we must save her! On, boy, on!"

The sorrel stallion responded with a neigh, which told plainly that he knew that something desperate was required of him.

But Wild was only halfway up the ascent when he found that he was riding over what was really dangerous ground.

But he knew his noble horse was sure-footed, so he kept on.

If there happened to be a boulder in the way the sorrel leaped over it without any urging, and when they came to a crevice it was the same.

The noble horse kept up a fast pace, notwithstanding the difficulties he met with.

Wild had picked out his course, and he meant to follow it as nearly as he possibly could.

When he had covered perhaps three hundred yards he realized that it was a very reckless ride he was taking.

But it was too late to turn back now.

If he did that he would surely lose time.

"There's only one thing about it," he muttered. "I've got to keep right on now. The chances are that it will be better further on. But if it isn't I'll go on, anyhow. I've got a horse I can depend upon, and that means a whole lot. On with you, Spitfire."

Again the sorrel responded with a neigh, and with a mighty leap he cleared a big rock that would have seemed impossible, almost for a horse to do.

Our hero had reached the top of the rise now, and as he shot a glance ahead of him he got sight of two horses going at top speed along a level stretch of ground.

The boy gave a start.

It was Black Bill riding furiously, and leading Arietta's horse behind him.

That the girl was tied to the horse, Wild could see at a glance.

But it was not much of a look he had at them, for they quickly disappeared behind a patch of woods.

But the dashing young deadshot had marked well the direction they were going, and heedless of the fact that the gentle slope before him was covered with rocks, hills and hollows, he dashed along at a mad gallop.

The boy knew very well that not one out of a thousand would have undertaken to ride down that slope at such a speed.

If the sorrel should stumble it meant almost certain death to him, for he would be thrown and it would be a miracle if he missed striking some of the jagged rocks.

On went the boy, holding the bridle rein tightly in his hand, though not keeping it taut.

If Spitfire should chance to stumble he would lift his head with a jerk, and thus possibly prevent him from going down.

But so long as there was no need of this he allowed the spirited animal to have free rein.

The noble animal galloped on down, and it was with a sigh of relief that our hero reached the foot of the slope.

Then, for a distance of probably a hundred yards, he saw a level stretch.

"Away with you, Spitfire!" he called out, a little sharply, and the noble animal responded by leaping forward like an arrow from the bow.

There was a fringe of bushes ahead, and when the level stretch had been covered Young Wild West suddenly saw a yawning chasm just the other side of the bushes.

But his quick eyes told him that it was not more than ten or twelve feet in width, and he resolved to make the stallion leap it.

"Over with you, Spitfire!" he called out, at the same time giving a pull upon the bridle rein.

Crash!

The noble animal tore through the fringe of bushes, and then gathered his muscles for a mighty leap.

Up he arose, and——

Thud!

His front hoofs struck the ground upon the other side of the chasm squarely, though the hind ones just missed doing it.

Wild struck the animal upon the flank with the flat of his hand; there was a desperate scramble, and then Spitfire was up and away.



"That was a mighty close call," the boy muttered, knitting his brows. "Few horses could have made that leap, especially by coming upon it so suddenly. But there are no horses like Spitfire; he is the king of them all."

With dilated nostrils and ears thrown back, the sorrel galloped over the rocky ground.

Wild knew that he must be gaining rapidly upon Black Bill, for he was riding at an angle, and that meant that he might be able to head him off before he reached his friends.

Crack, crack!

Two sharp reports rang out not very far away, and then it was that the young deadshot gave a nod.

"I reckon Charlie and the cowboys are doing something," he thought. "Well, it will be all right."

He had scarcely given vent to these thoughts when he saw another chasm right before him.

But it was not nearly as wide as the other, so the sorrel made the leap easily.

Then dashing through some thick bushes the horse once more reached a comparatively level stretch.

It was then that our hero again caught sight of his sweetheart.

He was surprised to see that Black Bill had been joined by two others now.

The three villains were riding along what appeared to be a trail now, and in order to get to this Wild saw that he had a very bad piece of ground to cover.

But he never once faltered in his determination. He had already covered easily half a mile of dangerous, not to say treacherous ground, and he was willing to keep right on.

Changing the course of Spitfire a trifle, he sent him over the rocks and through the bushes.

The sure-footed animal never once faltered.

Over the bad stretch the steed galloped, and just as Wild felt that the worst part of his reckless ride was done with sounds of rippling water came to his ears.

Then, almost before he had a chance to realize it, the sorrel was upon a rock that overhung a babbling brook.

It was not a very wide space that had to be cleared, but on the other side there was anything but a good footing.

At that moment Arietta turned and saw her dashing young lover coming to the rescue.

With a mighty leap the gallant sorrel cleared the brook.

Arietta gave a cry of joy, while the outlaws urged their horses to a faster gait.

"I'm coming, Et!" Wild shouted.

Black Bill, who was leading the girl's horse, turned in the saddle as our hero's words rang out.

Instantly his hands sought his revolver, and the next instant he had drawn it and was in the act of firing.

Wild was now within two hundred feet of them, and he knew that if he was hit it would be more by chance than anything else.

But he ducked his head as the report rang out.

He could hear the hum of the bullet as it sped within a few feet of him.

"You try that again, you scoundrel, and I'll show you

how I can shoot," he called out, sharply. "Let go that rope."

"Never!" came the defiant shout. "Ther gal's goin' ter be mine. You're doomed to die, Young Wild West!"

Crack, crack!

The two villains who had left the camp to follow their leader both fired.

Wild did not hear either of the bullets sing, so he knew they must have shot short of the mark.

But he realized that something had to be done now. He was gaining rapidly on the scoundrels, and it would be easy for him to pick them off.

As one of them was in the act of firing another shot he drew a quick bead on him and pulled the trigger of his revolver.

Crack!

The outlaw dropped his weapon and threw up his hands, clutching wildly at the empty air.

Then he slid from the back of his horse and struck the ground, rolling over and over.

Crack, crack!

Black Bill and the other villain each fired.

Wild did not want to shoot Black Bill; he wanted to take him alive.

But it would not be safe to try to catch both of them.

There was no help for it, so as Black Bill's companion was in the act of taking another shot at him, Wild leveled his revolver and again pulled the trigger.

Crack!

The report sounded in a spiteful way, it seemed, this time, and without making an outcry the villain fell heavily to the ground.

"That's the way, Wild!" Arietta called out, for the girl now felt sure of a speedy release. "They had a chance to save themselves by letting me go; but they would not do it. Black Bill must go next. He is a scoundrel, Wild."

"Shet up, gal!" roared the human fiend, as he swung his revolver around and leveled it at her. "You say another word an' I'll shoot you."

Crack!

Wild was not more than fifty feet from him now, and with unerring aim he sent a bullet into the man's wrist.

Black Bill uttered a cry of pain and dropped his revolver.

"I'll have you in a minute!" our hero called out, in his cool and easy way.

The face of the villain became distorted with passion.

A demon lurked in his eyes at that moment, and though he must have known that his time on earth was very short, his left hand slipped to the holster at that side of him and gripped his remaining revolver.

He looked back and saw that our hero was the only one in pursuit of him.

Wild knew what the glance meant very well; but he did not intend to let Black Bill take another shot.

As the villain looked at the dashing young boy, he must have been struck with the idea that it would be useless, after all.

He did not raise the revolver.

"You had better stop, Black Bill," Wild called out.

Then it was that the villain dropped the revolver back



into the holster. But he quickly drew a knife instead, and with a quick slash, severed the rope that was pulling Arietta's horse after him.

This action was a little unexpected to both Wild and Arietta.

But the moment she saw that she was no longer being led along as a prisoner, the girl called out sharply for the horse to stop.

Wild was very close to her now, and the girl's action compelled him to slacken the speed of the sorrel, for it happened that the path at that spot was very narrow.

Black Bill uttered a cry of satisfaction, and being no longer handicapped by the horse he had been leading, he started ahead at renewed speed.

Wild could not help pausing long enough to cut the bonds that held his sweetheart's hands behind her back. But the moment he had done this he darted forward again in pursuit of Black Bill.

Arietta quickly recovered from the effects of the fright the villain had given her, and seizing the bridle rein of her horse she started after her dashing young lover.

But he had disappeared from her view now, since there was a turn in the path Black Bill had taken right there.

As she rounded this she saw Wild riding swiftly after the scoundrel, who was probably two hundred feet in the lead.

"Wild will get him, I know!" she exclaimed, and then she turned her eyes off to the right and saw two riders coming that way.

They were Jim Dart and one of the cowboys.

The girl waved her hand to them and they waved their hats in return.

Then she knew that there was no possible chance of Black Bill getting away, for Jim and the cowboy were riding to intercept him.

## CHAPTER XI.

### CONCLUSION.

As Cheyenne Charlie called upon the two villains to hold up their hands there was a grim smile playing about his lips.

Taken completely by surprise, the outlaws stood as if dumfounded.

The fact that one of their number had crept away to look for the three horsemen they had seen coming down the ravine had not returned yet had caused them no little uneasiness, and to see Cheyenne Charlie, before them was quite enough to dismay them.

One of them was Fisher, and when he saw that there was no chance for him he promptly threw up his hands and called out:

"I surrender! It's all up. I know there ain't no show, so take me."

"You're a fool!" snapped the other man, as he recovered himself and made a quick leap behind a tree. "I ain't goin' ter be hung, you kin bet!"

Crack! As the last words left the lips of the villain he fired a shot at Charlie.

But the scout was watching him closely, and before the echo of the report died away he pressed the trigger of his revolver.

Crack!

The outlaw had exposed his head as he took the shot at the scout, and Charlie's bullet found its billet.

As Fisher saw his companion drop to the ground and lay motionless, he shook his head rather sadly.

"I might git hung," he said, as though talking to himself, "but I reckon I'm goin' ter live longer than you did."

The villain's bullet had gone over the scout's head, without coming very close to touching him, and keeping Fisher covered, he stepped over to him and coolly took from him his weapons.

"I reckon you're a sort of sensible galoot," he observed, as he gave a nod.

"I'd rather be alive than dead, any time," declared Fisher.

"Well, I reckon you won't be alive so very long, so don't count much on that," and Charlie calmly proceeded to tie his hands behind him.

Having done this, he ordered the man to remain right where he was, and then he clambered upon a high rock and called out to the cowboys to get the horses and come on over.

"Fetch ther prisoner along with yer," he added.

An answering shout came back, and then it was not long before the two men appeared.

One of them led the scout's horse, to which the prisoner had been tied, and when Charlie saw this he gave a nod of satisfaction.

When they got to him he pointed to the second prisoner he had made and said:

"Here's another of 'em, boys. There's one dead one behind that tree over there. Jest git that galoot off my horse an' put him on one of ther three that's here. We'll git ther other feller on one of 'em, too, an' then we'll go an' see how Wild has made out."

It did not take long to do this, and one of the cowboys took the halter of the extra horse, and they all started in the direction the two outlaws had taken when they left the spot to join their leader.

They had not gone far, however, when a shot sounded some distance away.

This was followed by another, and then the scout shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed:

"I reckon Wild is at work, boys!"

More shooting was heard, and then all became still again.

But a couple of minutes later, as they reached an open space, they saw a horseman riding swiftly toward them.

"Blamed if it ain't Hop!" exclaimed the scout. "I wonder what brought him here?"

It was the clever Chinaman, sure enough. He had reached the ravine in time to hear the shooting that Young Wild West and the outlaws were indulging in, and choosing what seemed the best way to get where they were, he had left the ravine and now came in sight of Charlie and the cowboys.

He kept right on, and when he met them he brought his horse to a halt.

"Whattée mattee, Misler Charlie?" he asked, while a pleasant smile showed upon his yellow countenance.

"Did yer see anything of Wild or Arietta, Hop?" the scout retorted, questioningly.



"Me no see, Misler Charlie," and Hop shook his head.

"Did yer hear ther shootin'?"

"Yes, me allee samee hear um shootee, and len me somee light here velly muchee quicke, so be."

"You take charge of these two galoots, Hop. We want ter find Wild an' Arietta."

"Allee light, Misler Charlie," and Hop promptly dismounted and picked up the lariat that was hitched to the horses belonging to the outlaws.

Meanwhile, let us see how Young Wild West is making out.

The boy was rapidly gaining upon Black Bill, and revolver in hand, he watched the scoundrel intently.

Black Bill looked back and soon realized that it was a hopeless race he was making.

The sorrel stallion was gaining at every bound.

"You'll never take me alive!" he hissed. "I'm game to ther last, Young Wild West. I killed Bob Jones, but I ain't goin' ter hang for it. I wanted you mighty bad, but I know I ain't got no chance to git yer. You kin shoot too straight for that. But, jest ther same, I'm goin' ter try another shot at yer."

Then his left hand flew upward and his revolver cracked.

That shot came the nearest to Wild of any that had been fired at him, and a lock of hair was clipped from the side of his head.

There was no chance of shooting the man in the attempt, since his body was directly behind the revolver.

It had to be done, so the young deadshot compressed his lips and then fired, just as Black Bill was about to again press the trigger.

Crack!

As the report rang out the villain threw up both hands and pitched headlong to the ground.

"I reckon that will be about all," said Wild, as he reined in the sorrel. "My plans were spoiled a little. But that villain has proved to be one of the worst I ever tackled. Twice I thought I had him dead to rights, and both times he got away. But this settles it. It was what might be called a reckless ride that I took in order to get him, but I have got him."

The boy did not feel a bit uneasy at having caused the death of the three outlaws. He knew very well that if he had not shot them they would have surely got him.

He did not have to wait longer than two or three minutes before Arietta came into view.

"Did you get him, Wild?" the girl called out, though she knew very well that he had, or he would not be sitting there at a halt.

"Yes, Et," was the reply. "He came nearly getting me, too. It was the only chance I had, so I shot him dead."

"I am very glad. That scoundrel meant for me a fate worse than death. I consider that I had a hairbreadth escape."

"And I consider that I took a mighty reckless ride in order to save you, Et," the boy replied. "I don't know as I would care to ride over such ground again. If it had not been that Spitfire was so quick I surely would have been dashed to death. Why, he leaped over chasms and brooks, and boulders and rocks with the greatest of ease,

as if he knew it was necessary that I should find you as quickly as possible. To Spitfire the credit for saving you must be given. He is a noble horse, Et."

While they remained there they heard the clatter of hoofs.

They did not know whether or not it was their friends coming, so they drew back behind a small group of trees and waited.

But soon their minds were set at ease, for Cheyenne Charlie and the two cowboys came in sight.

Wild uttered a shout, and then Cheyenne Charlie took off his hat and waved it in the air.

"Whoopee, whoopee! Wow, wow! Yip, yip, yip!"

It was the old familiar cowboy call that came from the lips of the scout, and as he repeated it the cowboys joined in.

The three newcomers were quickly apprised of what had happened, and to say that they were pleased would hardly be expressing it.

They were just ready to start off for the camp, when they heard a shout off to the right.

Then it was that they saw Jim and the other cowboy coming.

The two had no sooner reached them when Hop came along with the two prisoners and the extra horse that had belonged to the outlaws.

Then the story of Young Wild West's Reckless Ride and Arietta's Hairbreadth Escape were told to them.

Now all hands set out for the camp.

It was not long before they got there, and it is needless to say that Anna and Eloise, as well as the cowboy who had remained with them, were more than pleased with the way things had turned out.

But when they heard how Wild had rode so recklessly to the rescue of Arietta they were not a little awed.

About the middle of the afternoon our friends rode into the settlement that was called King Pin Hollow.

Lang told the story of the murder to the village judge, and then related what had happened since.

"That beats anything that I ever heard," the official declared. "But I've heard tell of Young Wild West, so I don't doubt a word of ther story. You kin bet ther two galoots will git took care of, all right."

This about ends our story.

Young Wild West and his friends had certainly had an exciting time of it since they met the cowboys, but everything had turned out all right, and the world was well rid of the villains who had paid the penalty of their crimes.

THE END.

Read "YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE COWBOY SPORTS; or, FUN AND FIGHTING ON THE RANGE," which will be the next number (384) of "Wild West Weekly."

SPECIAL NOTICE:—All back numbers of this weekly except the following are in print: 1 to 28, 30, 31 to 34, 36 to 40, 42, 44, 45, 47, 50, 51. If you cannot obtain the ones you want from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, New York City, and you will receive the copies you order, by return mail.



# Wild West Weekly

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1910.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies.....	.05 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	.65 Cents
One Copy Six Months.....	\$1.25
One Copy One Year.....	\$2.50

### Postage Free.

**HOW TO SEND MONEY**—At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check, or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the Coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

SINCLAIR TOUSEY, President  
 GEO. G. HASTINGS, Treasurer  
 CHAS. E. NYLANDER, Secretary

**Frank Tousey, Publisher**  
 24 Union Sq., New York

## SOME GOOD ARTICLES.

Wildcat meat is at a premium in the Chinese quarters of San Francisco as a result of the strife between the Yee family and the On Tick Tong—which has brought about six murders in or near San Francisco since November 1, 1909. There is a superstitious belief among the Chinese that if their warriors are fed on the flesh of the wildcat they will acquire the ferocity of the beast and their fighting efficiency will be much improved. The butchers of the quarter are driving a thriving trade in wildcat among the two clans now at war.

Instead of employing hundreds of men with picks to dig up streets for the purpose of resurfacing them, the city of Cincinnati now uses a 15,000-pound rake, which enjoys the gentle name of "go-devil." When dragged along by a steam roller it does the work of the laborers with their picks in about one-fifth of the time and 50 per cent. better. The big steel teeth dig into the street 6 inches deep and 3 feet wide and travel about 25 feet a minute. It is estimated that the machine saves the work of hundreds of laborers and pays for itself in every two days' work.

I have on my desk a list of one thousand successful men of this nation. By "successful" I do not mean mere money-makers, but men who have given us new conceptions of steam, electricity, construction work, education, art, etc. These are the men who influence our moral as well as physical lives. They construct for better things. How these men started in work is interesting. Their first foothold in work is a fine study. Three hundred started as farmers' sons; two hundred started as messenger boys; two hundred were newsboys; one hundred were printers' apprentices; one hundred were apprenticed in manufactories; fifty began at the bottom of railway work; fifty—only fifty—had wealthy parents to give them a start.

No better evidence of the return of mercantile prosperity is wanted than a trip along the Staten Island Sound, from New York Bay to Raritan Bay. The view at night is a surprising one. The Jersey shore of that waterway is practically a blaze of light for a distance of several miles from the coal docks of the Pennsylvania, the Lehigh Valley, the Philadelphia and Reading and the New Jersey Central railroads and the great plant of the Standard Oil Company. According to a statement made recently by Charles H. Fenn, president of

the International Investors' League, there were eight miles of this waterfront unoccupied and for sale five years ago, while to-day it is practically all occupied and the tonnage on Staten Island Sound is the largest in the United States, save that of Sault Ste Marie. It is almost impossible to realize that the arm of the sea has a greater tonnage than either the Hudson or the East River. Even the waters tributary to Staten Island Sound—the Raritan River and Woodbridge Creek—have recently been built up by large manufacturing concerns, such as the Guggenheims, the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, the Detinning Works and others. The towns tributary to that waterfront have enjoyed a phenomenal growth. Elizabethport has outgrown the city of Elizabeth and has a population of more than 30,000. Tremley, where the Standard Oil Company's great refineries were recently erected, is becoming a thickly populated community, while Carteret, a few years ago a rural community, has now a population of between 7,000 and 8,000. The city of Perth Amboy, which for forty years had a population not exceeding 5,000, has increased to nearly 30,000, due entirely to the great manufacturing industries located in its vicinity.

## GRINS AND CHUCKLES.

A middle-aged farmer accosted a serious-faced youth in Central Park the other day. "Young man," he said, plucking his sleeve, "I want to go to the obelisk." The youth seemed lost in consideration for a moment. "Well," he said finally, "you may go just this once, but I don't want you ever to ask me again."

Kind-hearted Maiden (fishing for a stray penny in her purse)—I suppose you poor blind people feel your misfortune keenly. Blind Mendicant—Yes, indeed. The Lord only knows how I miss the pleasure of being able to look into the beautiful faces of the handsome and lovely ladies who are kind enough to donate—Kind-hearted Maiden (fishing out a shilling)—Here, poor fellow, take this. I'm sure you are deserving.

A clergyman, who was not averse to an occasional glass, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. The Irishman began his work. He brought forth a lot of empty whisky bottles, and as he lifted each one, looked through it at the sun. The preacher, who was walking on the lawn, saw him, and said: "They are all dead ones, Pat." "They are!" said Pat. "Well, there is one good thing about it—they all had the minister with them when they were dying."

When the physician arrived at the designated house he found that his patient was a decrepit negro, who sat up in bed and inquired: "How much yo' charge, doctah?" "Two dollars a visit, which includes my time, experience, advice and the medicine." "A poor old coon like me don't need all dem extras; just gib me ten cents' wo'th o' yo' cough med'cine, and dat's enough fo' me."

A well-known bishop, while visiting at a bride's new home for the first time, was awakened quite early by the soft tones of a soprano voice singing "Nearer, My God to Thee." As the bishop lay in bed he meditated upon the piety which his young hostess must possess to enable her to begin her day's work in such a beautiful frame of mind. At breakfast he spoke to her about it, and told her how pleased he was. "Oh," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by; three verses for soft and five for hard."



## THE OUTLAWS' RENDEZVOUS

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG.

Just after the close of the War of Independence, two ex-officers in the British army remained behind.

They persuaded the Creek Indians that the British government had secured to them their lands, by a treaty with the Americans, which the latter had broken.

They induced them to take up arms in revenge.

To further their designs, Nicholls and Woodbine established a fort on the banks of the Appalachicola river, and stored within it an immense quantity of arms and ammunition, with a garrison of several hundred Indians, who were daily being joined by runaway slaves and fugitives from justice.

The location of this fort was a strong one.

It was defended by twelve pieces of artillery, was well provisioned to stand a siege, and contained an ample magazine of warlike stores, especially powder.

Warring upon the Americans was but a primary object.

The ultimate design of Nicholls and Woodbine and their associates was to wrest Florida from its Spanish possessors, and establish themselves in their place.

To dislodge this horde of outlaws Colonel Clinch, with a command of United States soldiers and five hundred friendly Indians, was advancing from the headwaters of the Appalachicola river to attack the fort on the land side, while two schooners, with ammunition and provisions, convoyed by two gunboats, each carrying one twenty-pounder and twenty-five men, were coming up the river, by permission of the Spanish authorities, to act in conjunction with the land forces.

The latter had now halted a few miles from the fort to await the information which young Lieutenant Sidney Lee had volunteered to obtain.

Silently the young soldier made his way through the forest.

In three hours from the time he left the camp, he paused abruptly as a loud burst of laughter, mingled with the "tumbling" of a banjo, met his ear.

"Nearer than I thought!" he exclaimed. "Now comes the tug-of-war. To creep close enough to see and yet not be seen, and then to get safely away. But if this is a specimen of the caution they exercise, it ought not to be difficult, either."

With the utmost caution the young lieutenant made his way toward his enemies' stronghold.

It was but a rude structure, yet strong enough, with its twelve cannon, to make a stubborn resistance if properly garrisoned.

But just here was its weak point. The fort could not defend itself, nor the guns load and fire, without human aid; and this, as Sidney was speedily convinced, was not likely to be rendered by the disorderly throng whom Nicholls and Woodbine had left to guard their rendezvous and stores.

It was growing dark—there is no twilight in Florida, or so little as barely to deserve the name.

But there was still time enough for Sidney—peering out from the midst of a clump of palmetto—to count pretty accurately the number of lounging figures collected around the fires.

"Four hundred and thirty-two, and nearly all drunk. What is that log-hut in the center for, I wonder?" mused the young soldier. "Can it be the magazine? Yes; for there is a man rolling out a powder-cask! So, now I know all I need to, march is the word."

Loosening his long hunting-knife in his belt, he commenced a stealthy retreat.

But, carefully as he trod, a twig now and then snapped; and suddenly, as though the sound had been a potent summons, there rose up in his path the tall figure of an Indian.

Quick as a flash, Sidney leaped to one side, as a tomahawk descended, and before the warrior could recover himself plunged the knife deep into his side.

The Indian uttered one loud cry, and fell headlong to the ground, while the young man, fully conscious that the cry and fall must have been heard in the fort, sped through the forest as rapidly as the gloom permitted, making for the river, where he felt sure he would find one or more canoes.

He heard behind him a sound of excited voices and hurrying footsteps, but he reached the river-bank in safety.

But he had missed the spot where the canoes were tied, and while searching for them his legs were jerked from under him, and in a second he lay helpless on the ground, while a guttural "Ugh, ugh!" assured him of the nationality of his captors.

In a few moments more he was dragged into the fort, amidst yells and jeers, a helpless prisoner.

Death, he knew, would be his portion, and that it would come preceded by the most horrible tortures he had no doubt whatever.

His only hope was that his foes would wait until the morrow, and every hour thus gained would increase the chances of a rescue; for it had been agreed that, in the event of his not returning, the troops would advance at daybreak.

His arms were bound behind him, and he was dragged to a corner of the fortification, where a dozen or more of his captors formed a chain around him, dancing to the music of an improvised chant.

Amidst these fiendish wretches Sidney saw a face well-known to him, a slave of his father's who had disappeared a month before, during a raid made on a neighboring plantation by a party of hostiles.

He had always been a favorite, and was supposed to be especially devoted to his young master.

They had thought him killed, and had mourned his fate; but now, with an added pain at his heart, poor Sidney found him one of the most ostentatious of his foes, chanting the loudest, and ever and anon making passes before his face with his own hunting-knife.

But by and by even the malignancy of his tormentors gave way to hunger, and one by one they dropped off, until at last only Dan was left, a self-constituted guard over the captive.

Striding close to the latter, Dan executed a solemn dance before him, waving the knife to and fro in threatening gestures.

Their two figures were thrown out in bold relief against a background of glimmering firelight, and Dan cast a quick glance around to make sure that no one was within hearing.

Satisfied on this point, he drew closer yet, still dancing and flourishing the knife.

"Master Sidney," he said in a low tone, "listen! Them rascals are going to make you run the gauntlet as soon as they've done eating. They're going to hit you light, because they reckon to burn you after that. They're scared to wait till morning, because the Indians say the soldiers are coming. Now, Master Sidney, Dan will manage to get on the river side of the line, and near the beginning, and he'll hold this knife so, and when you gets right there, just grab the knife and knock Dan over—he'll tumble easy, eh?—and then run as if the deuce was after you, down the road to the river. I have fixed a canoe ready, and if you jumps in, and runs it under the bushes, they'll never find you in the dark. Master Sidney, don't speak. They are watching! Don't think Dan's a bad



fellow. They took him prisoner, and then told him to join them or be killed; so he pretended to join them; but he'll run away first chance he gets, sure. Remember, master, knock Dan down, and run as if Satan was coming!"

Then, with a parting flourish of the knife, Dan departed.

An hour later the young soldier, stripped to the waist, and his hands freed, that he might amuse his tormentors the more in futile efforts to defend himself from their blows, stood, pale but calm, at the end of a double line of uplifted knives, tomahawks, bayonets and clubs, each ready to deal him a blow as he passed.

Proud and erect he stood, his eyes for an instant fixed significantly on Dan, who was stationed, as he had promised, near the commencement of the fearful lane, holding Sidney's knife aloft, as though he were eager for a stroke at the prisoner.

The signal was given.

With a sudden leap he darted forward.

Only two or three light blows touched him before he turned, quick as a flash, grasped the knife held by Dan, and overturned that worthy fellow, who, to save himself—apparently, at least—threw out his arms, clasped his comrades on each side around the neck, and dragged them down, yelling lustily the while.

A road had been opened from the river for the purpose of landing the cannon and ammunition for the fort, and along the edge of it, guided by the starlight, Sidney dashed with a speed born of desperation.

Shouts and footsteps sounded behind him, but the suddenness of his break for liberty, added to the confusion caused by Dan, so bewildered his pursuers that he gained an all-important start.

Panting and breathless, he reached the river, and there, at the foot of the road, lay the canoe faithful Dan had made ready.

Sidney sprang into it, grasped the paddle, and pushed out into the stream.

Then, mindful of Dan's advice, he paddled silently inshore again, under the overhanging bushes, and close to the spot where he could hear several other canoes starting out in pursuit.

Scarcely did he dare to breathe, as, almost touching his own frail bark, they shot swiftly down the stream.

The hubbub of angry excited voices in the fort gradually died away as the voices of his pursuers in the canoes had done long ago, when his attention was arrested by the sound of a paddle, evidently cautiously used, but approaching the place of his concealment.

Instinctively he braced himself for a struggle, when a low voice broke the stillness.

"I'm Dan! Anybody here what hears—eh? Master Sidney!"

The fugitive drew a long sigh of relief.

"All right!" he whispered. "Safe, so far, Dan, thanks to you!"

"Bless the Lord!" ejaculated the faithful fellow. "I ran away, too, Master Sidney—and stolen your coat from that trash, so you'll look more respectable."

Dan handed over the garment, and then clambered into his young master's canoe.

Listening intently for any sounds on the water, they ventured to float down the stream, keeping in the shadow of the overhanging foliage, until a distant hum of voices and the dip of paddles warned them to seek shelter under the bushes hugging the bank.

Breathlessly the two fugitives waited until the returning

canoes had passed, and all possibility of detection was over; then they flew over the water.

It was not an aimless flight; the young soldier felt sure that the two schooners, with their gunboat protectors, must be near at hand, and a plan had formed in his mind which he was eager to carry into execution.

"A little more, and those rascals would have been nicely caught!" he exclaimed, half an hour later, as the shadowy forms of the vessels he sought loomed up ahead.

To hail them, call out his name, and board the gunboat carrying the commander was the work of a few moments.

Before the day had fairly opened the gunboat had gained a position opposite the fort.

"Now, Lieutenant Lee, for your plan," said the commander. "The shot are hot enough, in all conscience! Now, gunners, aim carefully. Ready—fire!"

Bang! bang! went the twelve-pounders; and at the second shot there was a fearful explosion in the very center of the fort.

Groans, shrieks, yells and curses made a very pandemonium.

Several more shots were fired into the fort, but no longer hot, nor aimed at the magazine.

That was no longer necessary.

Warping in shore, the gunboats landed their men.

Of all the outlaws assembled in the fort, only three remained unhurt.

Never was destruction more complete or sudden than that wrought by the hot shot fired into the magazine.

Not only was the outlaws' rendezvous destroyed, and their savage horde broken up, but a very large quantity of arms became the property of the conquerors.

## BOTTLES BY MACHINERY

The bottle-making machine was born of necessity.

A French glass manufacturer was harassed by labor troubles in one way or another until at last he shut down his plant.

Then he set to work trying to devise a machine that would take the place of men in blowing bottles.

It was not many months before machines were installed, and his work started again.

This was the forerunner of the American machine that is so nearly human that it can do its work better than men, and can make bottles for forty cents a hundred which cost seventy cents under the hand method.

The introduction of the bottle-making machinery exploded that theory, and when the manufacturer recites the advantages of the machine-made bottle over the hand-made, and adds that the number of bottles broken among hand-made ones was thirty per thousand, as compared with three per thousand, machine-made, he clinches his argument against the older method.

One of the boons of the new method is the fact that pulmonary diseases, which were very frequent among bottle-blowers, have been almost entirely overcome by the new method.

Passing the blowing tube from lip to lip spread contagion, and the high death rate among glass-blowers was attributed more to this than any one cause.

In the machines compressed air does the work that was hitherto required of human lungs, and the sick and death rates have both fallen off since the introduction of the machines.

More than twenty-five factories are now turning out machine-made bottles.



# These Books Tell You Everything!

## A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

### MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

### PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

### HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

### SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

### FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

### ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

### TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurors and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

### MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

### MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

### LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.



## THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

## ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

## DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

## SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

## BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parrot, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

**PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.**

Address **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**



# Latest Issues

## "All Around Weekly"

Containing Stories of All Kinds.

- COLORED COVERS. 32 PAGES. PRICE 5 CENTS.
- 8 The Steps of Doom. A Tale of the Land of the Incas.  
9 "Old Sixty"; or, The Last Run of the Special.  
10 The Secrets of the Diamond Island.  
11 Galloping O'Hagan; or, The Bold Free-Rider.  
12 The Young Sinbad; or, Back from the Grave for Vengeance.  
13 Schoolboys Afloat; or, A Trip Around the World.  
14 Among the Thugs; or, Two Yankee Boys in India.  
15 The Secret Glen; or, The Mysterious War-Chief.  
16 Lost in the Heart of China; or, A Yankee Boy in the Land of Skulls.  
17 Ruined By Drink. A Temperance Story.

## "Pluck and Luck"

Containing Stories of Adventure.

- COLORED COVERS. 32 PAGES. PRICE 5 CENTS.
- 605 The School at Burr Knob; or, The Trials of a Boy Teacher. By Allan Arnold.  
606 Charley Barnes' Bank; or, How a Penny Made a Fortune. By H. K. Shackelford.  
607 Gallant Jack, the Naval School Boy; or, Appointed by the President. By Howard Austin.  
608 The Little Boss; or, The Boy Who Owned the Mill. By Allyn Draper.  
609 Count Charlie; or, The Most Unpopular Boy in Town. By Jas. C. Merritt.  
610 Jack-of-All-Trades; or, Around the World on His Wits. By Berton Bertrew.  
611 The Bullet Charmer. A Story of the American Revolution. By Berton Bertrew.

## "Work and Win"

Containing the Great Fred Fearnot Stories.

- COLORED COVERS. 32 PAGES. PRICE 5 CENTS.
- 578 Fred Fearnot and "Dakota Dan"; or, The Man of Grit and Gold.  
579 Fred Fearnot's Mountain Climb; or, Lost in a Crater.  
580 Fred Fearnot Skating for Glory; or, Beating the Best of Them.  
581 Fred Fearnot and "Greedy Gus"; or, The Boy Who Wanted Everything.  
582 Fred Fearnot Risking His Life; or, Saving His Father From Ruin.  
583 Fred Fearnot and "Cunning Charlie"; or, Reforming a Bad Boy.  
584. Fred Fearnot's Word of Honor, or, Keeping His Trust.

## "Secret Service"

Old and Young King Brady, Detectives.

- COLORED COVERS. 32 PAGES. PRICE 5 CENTS.
- 572 The Bradys and the Blotted Check; or, Saved by the Scratch of a Pen.  
573 The Bradys and the Missing Witness; or, The Secret of the Hole in the Wall.  
574 The Bradys in Little China; or, The Mystery of a Mission House.  
575 The Bradys and the Midnight Men; or, A Fight for Five Lives.  
576 The Bradys' Fast Freight Mystery; or, The Case of Conductor King.  
577 The Bradys and the Six Gold Dollars; or, A Very Singular Clew.  
578 The Bradys and the Poisoned Arrow; or, The Mystery of Central Park.

## "The Liberty Boys of '76"

A Magazine Containing Stories of the American Revolution.

- COLORED COVERS. 32 PAGES. PRICE 5 CENTS.
- 472 The Liberty Boys' Forced March; or, Caught in a Terrible Trap.  
473 The Liberty Boys Defending Bennington; or, Helping General Stark.  
474 The Liberty Boys' Young Messenger; or, Storming the Jersey Batteries.  
475 The Liberty Boys and the Indian Fighter; or, Saving the Southern Settlers.  
476 The Liberty Boys' Running Fight; or, After the Redcoat Rangers.  
477 The Liberty Boys Fighting Doxstader; or, The Destruction of Currytown.

## "Fame and Fortune Weekly"

Containing Stories of Boys Who Make Money.

- COLORED COVERS. 32 PAGES. PRICE 5 CENTS.
- 223 Wireless Will; or, The Success of a Young Telegraph Operator.  
224 Wall Street Jones; or, Trimming the Tricky Traders.  
225 Fred the Faker; or, The Success of a Young Street Merchant.  
226 The Lad from 'Frisco; or, Pushing the "Big Bonanza." A Wall Street Story.  
227 The Lure of Gold; or, The Treasure of Coffin Rock.  
228 Money-Maker Mack; or, The Boy Who Smashed a Wall Street "Ring."  
229 Missing for a Year; or, Making a Fortune in Diamonds.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, New York.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....  
..... " " ALL AROUND WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....  
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....  
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....  
..... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



# WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, etc., of Western Life.

BY AN OLD SCOUT.

32 PAGES

HANDSOME COLORED COVERS

PRICE 5 CENTS

All of these exciting stories are founded on facts. Young Wild West is a hero with whom the author was acquainted. His daring deeds and thrilling adventures have never been surpassed. They form the base of the most dashing stories ever published. Read the following numbers of this most interesting magazine and be convinced:

## LATEST ISSUES:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 323 Young Wild West and the Death Sign; or, The Secret of the Forgotten Ranch.          | 351 Young Wild West's Plucky Fight; or, The Shot That Saved a Life.                  |
| 324 Young Wild West's Nevada Vengeance; or, Arietta and the Buried Gold.                | 352 Young Wild West on the Border; or, Arietta Between Two Fires.                    |
| 325 Young Wild West's Cowboy Cavalry; or, Saving the Besieged Soldiers.                 | 353 Young Wild West Trailing a Treasure; or, A Mystery of Old Mexico.                |
| 326 Young Wild West and the Overland Express; or, Arietta and the "Gun Fighter."        | 354 Young Wild West Standing a Siege; or, How Arietta Saved Him.                     |
| 327 Young Wild West Playing it Alone; or, A Game for Life or Death.                     | 355 Young Wild West and the Fighting Fifteen; or, The Raid of the Savage Sioux.      |
| 328 Young Wild West and the Dynamite Gang; or, Arietta and the Robbers of Golden Strip. | 356 Young Wild West Lassoing the Lynchers; or, Arietta's Quick Shot.                 |
| 329 Young Wild West's Grub Stake, and How it Made a Fortune.                            | 357 Young Wild West and "Arizona Al"; or, The Wonderful Luck of a Cowboy.            |
| 330 Young Wild West's Death Defiance; or, Arietta and the Danites.                      | 358 Young Wild West Corraling the Road Agents; or, Arietta and the Outlaw's Bride.   |
| 331 Young Wild West in Crooked Canyon; or, The Underground Trail to No Man's Land.      | 359 Young Wild West Facing His Foes; or, The Shake-up at Shiver Split.               |
| 332 Young Wild West and "Maverick Mike"; or, Arietta and the Round-Up.                  | 360 Young Wild West Stopping a Stampede; or, Arietta and the Cow Girls.              |
| 333 Young Wild West Chasing the Mexicans; or, The "Hurrah" at Hot Head Hill.            | 361 Young Wild West's Hottest Trail; or, The Gold Cache of the Desert.               |
| 334 Young Wild West after the Death Band; or, Saving Arietta from the Secret Caves.     | 362 Young Wild West's Rifle Duel; or, Arietta's Cross Fire.                          |
| 335 Young Wild West Saving His Partners; or, A Hard Fight With Redskins.                | 363 Young Wild West and "Domino Dick"; or, The Broncho Buster's Bad Break.           |
| 336 Young Wild West Fighting the Cattlemen; or, Arietta's Branding Mark.                | 364 Young Wild West Trapping the Horse Thieves; or, Arietta's Quick Work.            |
| 337 Young Wild West and the Two-Gun Man; or, Cleaning up a Mining Camp.                 | 365 Young Wild West and the Choctaw Chief; or, The Hidden Valley and the Lost Tribe. |
| 338 Young Wild West's Prairie Chase; or, Arietta and the Wolf Pack.                     | 366 Young Wild West Followed by Fiends; or, Arietta and the Plot- ters.              |
| 339 Young Wild West Holding the Hill; or, The Fight for the Cave of Gold.               | 367 Young Wild West and the Cactus Queen; or, The Bandits of the Sand Hills.         |
| 340 Young Wild West's Cowboy Avengers; or, Arietta and the Mustang Ropers.              | 368 Young Wild West in Death Canyon; or, Arietta and the Mad Miner.                  |
| 341 Young Wild West and "Velvet Bill"; or, Baffling the Bandit Band.                    | 369 Young Wild West's Crack Cavalry; or, The Shot That Won the Day.                  |
| 342 Young Wild West Helping the Hunters; or, Arietta and the Grizzly.                   | 370 Young Wild West After An Assassin; or, Arietta and the Toughs.                   |
| 343 Young Wild West and the Half Breed Trailer; or, The White Flower of the Utes.       | 371 Young Wild West Shot in the Dark; or, Winning His Weight in Gold.                |
| 344 Young Wild West After the Outlaws; or, Arietta's Hard Earned Victory.               | 372 Young Wild West and the Hold-Up Men; or, How Arietta Paid Her Ransom.            |
| 345 Young Wild West's Prize Claim; or, The Gold of Good-By Gulch.                       | 373 Young Wild West's Arizona Round Up; or, Catching the Cattle Crooks.              |
| 346 Young Wild West Booming a Town; or, Arietta and the Land Sharks.                    | 374 Young Wild West's Promise; or, Arietta and the Blue Mask.                        |
| 347 Young Wild West Saving a Ranch; or, The Fire Fiends of the Bar-X Range.             | 375 Young Wild West as Avenger; or, The Vigilantes' Mistake.                         |
| 348 Young Wild West's Secret Enemy; or, Arietta's Mine Fight.                           | 376 Young Wild West after the Death Dealers; or, A Hot fight in the Gulch.           |
| 349 Young Wild West and the Pawnee Chief; or, Routing the Renegade Redskin.             | 377 Young Wild West Defying the Blackfeet; or, Arietta and the Mysterious Canoe.     |
| 350 Young Wild West After a Bad Bunch; or, Arietta and the Cattle Crooks.               | 378 Young Wild West Going the Limit; or, The "Shindig" at Show Down.                 |
|   | 379 Young Wild West Condemned to Death; or, Arietta's Prairie Race.                  |
|   | 380 Young Wild West Saving His Ranch; or, Wiping Out an Old Score.                   |
|   | 381 Young Wild West Caught by Comanches; or, Arietta's Daring Death.                 |
|   | 382 Young Wild West Showing Up a Sheriff; or, The Right Man on the Wrong Trail.      |
|   | 383 Young Wild West's Reckless Ride; or, Arietta's Hairbreadth Escape.               |
|   | 384 Young Wild West and the Cowboy Sports; or, Fun and Fighting on the Range.        |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, N. Y.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

- |  |       |
|--|-------|
| ....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....       | ..... |
| .... " " ALL AROUND WEEKLY, Nos.....       | ..... |
| .... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....        | ..... |
| .... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos..... | ..... |
| .... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....          | ..... |
| .... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....          | ..... |
| .... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos..... | ..... |
| .... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....     | ..... |

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....